

WITH THIS NUMBER FIRST PART OF
A KING'S DAUGHTER."
IN TWO PARTS.



ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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BENJAMIN HARRISON,
RENOMINATED FOR THE PRESIDENCY AT THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

ONCE A WEEK

521-547 West Thirteenth Street,
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JULIUS CHAMBERS **EDITOR**

Now for Chicago!

The hat still fits you, Mr. HARRISON.

It was a Black Friday, Mr. BLAINE.

DR. PLATT, oculist, couldn't see the beam in Candidate BLAINE's eye.

WHAT will the Union printers say to WHITE-LAW REID's candidacy?

WHEN Mrs. LAKE opened an umbrella indoors on a Friday it settled the fate of BLAINE in the minds of the superstitious.

ABANDONED!

SECRETARY BLAINE sent his resignation to President HARRISON on the 4th inst., and it was accepted with a promptitude that has few precedents in American political history. The following text of the correspondence is reprinted for preservation:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, June 4th.

TO THE PRESIDENT:

I respectfully beg leave to submit my resignation of the office of Secretary of State of the United States, to which I was appointed by you on the 5th of March, 1889.

The condition of public business in the Department of State justifies me in requesting that my resignation may be accepted immediately.

I have the honor to be very respectfully, your obedient servant,
JAMES G. BLAINE.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, June 4, 1892.

TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE:

Your letter of this date tendering your resignation of the office of Secretary of State of the United States has been received. The terms in which you state your desires are such as to leave me no choice but to accede to your wishes at once. Your resignation is therefore accepted.

Very respectfully yours,

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Rightly or wrongly, Mr. BLAINE held Mr. HARRISON and his friends directly responsible for the persistent and willful misstatements made during last Summer regarding the Secretary's health. More than once Mr. BLAINE remarked that he knew who was responsible; and he did not hesitate to describe his persecutors as "those HARRISON people." The apparent motive for Mr. BLAINE's sudden resignation was his determination to become a candidate for the Presidential nomination at Minneapolis. This rendered his stay in the Cabinet of Mr. HARRISON, who was an acknowledged candidate for renomination, impossible. So he laid down his portfolio and hurried away to Boston, en route to Bar Harbor.

It was Saturday before he reached his villa on the rocky hillside of Mount Desert.

There he pondered over the Minneapolis convention's work, while in his ears resounded the clanging of the great bell-buoy in the restless sea at the Harbor gate, calling the mermaids and jelly-fish together in solemn conclave. His thoughts were far away, but the dree, funeral bell was very near.

What a picture of greatness and of—loneliness!

An ancient king of Norseland always awaited death in regal state, seated on his throne. The Scandinavians, disbelieving that a monarch ever died, began to build his tumulus about him ere he breathed his last.

So it was with good FRITHJOF in the Saga, and so again it may be on that Maine islet where early Norse discoverers left this sublime idea.

A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

A MAN, who was once an American and is to-day a cross between a London cad and a disappointed maiden woman of uncertain age, has been for nearly a quarter of a century writing, through the columns of the *New York Tribune*, caustic platitudes addressed to a small clique of senile old men who surround a table d'hôte of the London Reform Club. His letters have always been seasoned to their tastes. His comments upon everything English have been tempered to the sensibilities of the little clique that has coddled him in London clubland; his treatment of everything American has always savored of the chafing-dish in which the average English cad has been frizzling for three generations, since the days of the Revolution. Mr. SMALLEY cannot see good in anything American. He is a disappointed man. Ever since the days of his absolute and complete failure as an editor of the *New York Tribune* in the home office he has had no regard for any successful man or any prosperous newspaper.

We haven't any use for Mr. SMALLEY.

THE MINNEAPOLIS CONVENTION.

MR. BLAINE has met his Camlan, and has been betrayed into the hands of his enemies. The Minneapolis Convention accomplished nothing so memorable, nothing that will live in history so long, as the destruction of Secretary Blaine. Incidentally, it renominated Benjamin Harrison for the Presidency, and chose Whitelaw Reid, of New York, for the second place on its ticket. It was a prolonged session, lasting from Tuesday morning until Friday midnight.

The result was a complete upset for all the old leaders of the Republican party. At the present moment it seems quite possible that Mr. Cleveland may be the Democratic choice at Chicago. Suppose he is, let us try to realize the situation. It is admitted that New York is the pivotal State. Here is the situation in New York: Mr. Platt, the Republican ruler of the State, has authoritatively declared that it will be impossible to carry it this Fall for General Harrison. Senator Hill, Democratic autocrat in the Empire State, has no less positively asserted that Mr. Cleveland cannot secure the electoral vote of New York. Behold the situation! Shall we see the chieftains of the two parties engaged in a joint effort to make good their own words? May we not expect to find Mr. Platt laboring earnestly for the defeat of Mr. Harrison, and Senator Hill strenuously moving the machinery of his party to encompass the ruin of Mr. Cleveland? It is a new and a strange game in politics, but one that Mr. Jay Gould has effectively played in Wall Street many times.

The Republican National Convention assembled in the great Exposition Hall, at Minneapolis, on June 7th. The National Committee was known to be thoroughly in sympathy with Mr. Blaine's nomination, and at the hour at which Chairman Clarkson called the convention to order every indication presaged the speedy settlement of any doubts as to the Presidential nomination. It was then supposed that Mr. Blaine's friends were sufficiently strong to hurry through the organization and stampede the entire convention to his support. From first to last the Blaine chieftains, ex-Senator Platt, of New York, Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, Mike De Young, of California, and Senator Washburn, of Minnesota, retained control of the machinery of the convention. J. Sloat Fassett, of New York, was promptly elected temporary chairman, and the organization was completed according to the Blaine programme, Senator Cogswell, of Massachusetts, being given the chairmanship of the important Committee on Credentials, and ex-Governor Foraker, of Ohio, the chairmanship of the Committee on Resolutions. This meant that Blaine was to decide regarding all the contested seats and likewise to frame the platform.

The first important incident that occurred was a speech by "Czar" Reed, of Maine, made without any special pretext, but very vehement in tone. It called forth unbounded applause from the country members, who had never heard Mr. Reed before. It had one decided effect, however, and that was to start rumors about a third candidate. Up to that hour the fight had been recognized as a death struggle between Blaine and Harrison. Nobody else had been considered. Bulletins were constantly issuing from the headquarters of the Harrison and Blaine camps announcing sufficient votes to nominate on the first ballot. Bogus telegrams were put in circulation from the President, declaring that if he were not nominated on the first ballot he would withdraw. Stories equally fallacious were circulated regarding Blaine's intentions. It was asserted that the leaders, headed by Mr. Platt, were making a cat's-paw of the man from Maine, and that there was nothing serious in the affection of the colleague of the late Senator Conklin for his old-time enemy. Mr. Blaine had suddenly tendered his resignation to President Harrison on the Saturday previous to the opening of the convention, had taken his departure from Washington, ostensibly for Bar Harbor, but had lingered in Boston because of the better telegraphic facilities between that city and the seat of the convention.

It was soon discovered that the power of patronage had been paramount in the selection of the delegates from the hopelessly Democratic States, and that Mr. Harrison's workers had not been asleep during several months preceding the 7th of June. While Mr. Blaine developed an unquestionable majority in the Republican States and in the North, the President's strength lay in the Democratic sections and in "the black belt" of the South. This at once threatened to give the negro element the balance of

power in the convention, and the current belief that their votes were purchasable at once led to charges of corruption on both sides. True or false, this developed bad blood among the delegates. The Harri-on faction, led by Chauncey M. Depew, Consul-General New and Senator Hisecock, began to feel more confident and boldly asserted that they could afford to wait; that they cared not what the Committee on Credentials did regarding the contested seats; that they were in no hurry and would land their man a winner when the first vote was taken. Circumstances seemed to confirm their boastful declarations.

A call was secretly sent out for a caucus of Harrison delegates, and on Thursday afternoon, after a stormy and uneventful morning session—at which it was developed that neither of the two important committees was ready to report—they assembled, and an apparent strength of five hundred delegates was shown. There were four hundred and sixty-three men present. Mr. Depew was selected as chairman. He mounted the rostrum with a jaunty air, and, of course, made a speech. He said that the object of the caucus was to bind the friends of the President indissolubly together. Chris. Magee, of Pittsburg, Senator Quay's enemy, was secretary. Senator Cullom spoke for Illinois, as did ex-Secretary Thompson for Indiana. Both pledged their respective States for the President. If the delegates were admitted from Mississippi and the other contested States, Harrison would be able to show five hundred and twenty-one, it was asserted. This would have been, of course, enough to nominate him. The importance of the caucus was very much doubted. Politicians remembered how the Arthur delegates had held a caucus at the Chicago Convention in 1884 which had shown a safe working majority for their candidate, but that when they came into the convention, Mr. Blaine was nominated without difficulty. The Blaine leaders at Minneapolis referred to this event and appeared in no wise cast down.

There was an evening session, however, on Thursday, at which something really serious happened. A vote was taken about midnight by the entire convention. It was on the substitution of the minority report for the majority report of the Committee on Credentials regarding the contested seats in Alabama. The minority report would have seated the Blaine delegates and the majority report the Harrison delegates. A vote was taken, which resulted in a decisive victory for the Harrison men in the convention, the ballot standing 423 1-2 to 463. This looked very badly for Blaine, and another vote was immediately taken that resulted in the adoption of the majority report by a vote of 476 to 365, showing an increase in the apparent Harrison strength of 13 and a loss to the opposition of 58. The cry at once went up: "Blaine is beaten!"

If some magnetic speaker like Tom Reed or ex-Governor Foraker had had the courage to get upon his feet and make a ringing address, it is not improbable that Mr. Blaine would have been nominated. But this wonderful exhibition of fervor was permitted to wear itself out. In the few minutes of fatigue that followed a ballot was demanded, and the President had polled enough votes to secure his renomination when the roll call of States had reached Texas. Mr. Platt was utterly unable to hold the New York delegation together. McKinley apparently had as many friends as Blaine. The vote, as announced, was as follows:

Whole number of votes . . .	904 1-3	Necessary to a choice . . .	453
Harrison	535 1-6	Blaine	182 1-6
McKinley	182	Reed	4
		Lincoln	1

This vote sealed the fate of Mr. Blaine, and before dawn his alleged champions, Mr. Platt and Senator Quay, had betrayed him in behalf of McKinley, of Ohio. The morning session of the convention, on Friday, was remarkable for one scene, which has never been equaled in any political convention in this country. The rival candidates had been put in nomination, President Harrison by ex-Secretary Thompson, seconded by Chauncey Depew. Mr. Blaine's name had been presented by Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, and seconded by W. H. Eustis, of Minnesota. Wolcott's speech was remarkable for its vigor and the enthusiasm it evoked. But the incident of the day, referred to above, occurred when a young woman, the wife of a newspaper correspondent from New York, rose in her seat on one of the elevated benches back of the platform and started the well-known campaign cry of 1884, "Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!" The effect was electrical. The woman's manner, her pretty face, the prominent position that enabled her to catch every eye in the vast building, combined to rouse the multitude to a mad pitch of ecstatic frenzy.

The enthusiasm with which the verdict was received was of a very mixed character. The Harrison people, of course, were very jubilant, but the followers of Mr. Blaine, many of whom foresaw political ostracism and lost prestige staring them in the face, were very gloomy. An adjournment soon occurred. At the evening session White-law Reid's name was presented as the unanimous choice of New York for the Vice-Presidency, and as such accepted. Mr. Reid has earned the distinction; but it is very sad to see him consorting with the men who signed Mr. Blaine's political death-warrant. Everybody who knows the two men remembers what a faithful, lifelong friend the now dethroned Warwick has been to the editor.

THE necessity of presenting pictorially the scenes and the candidates chosen at the Minneapolis convention has compelled us to defer the publication of the charming frontispiece by Mr. William A. Rogers, prepared for this issue. It will appear next week.

THE illustrated interview* this week is with George J. Gould, the shrewd son of the great Wall Street financier. It is a remarkably brilliant talk.

* Interviews in this series have been published with the following distinguished people: First, Lady Henry Somerset; second, William F. Cody; third, John Lawrence Sullivan; fourth, Samuel Greene Wheeler Benjamin, ex-minister to Persia; fifth, Charles Emory Smith, United States minister to Russia; sixth, John Kelly, the distinguished authority on horse-racing; seventh, Jan a E. Campbell, ex-governor of Ohio, and eighth, Frank K. Sturgis, president of the New York Stock Exchange.

COME ON, BESANT!

THE following appeared in one of Mr. Smalley's letters to the *Tribune* on Sunday last:

The Society of Authors has lately enlarged its sphere of usefulness. It now publishes an advertisement on the first page of the *Times*, as follows:

Writers are earnestly warned against answering the advertisements of persons who invite MSS., without first communicating with the Society.

This seems to be intended to meet that remarkable American appeal to British Authors which figured for some time in the advertising columns of the literary weeklies in London. Lest there should be any doubt about it, the too enterprising American who made it is named in the May number of *The Author*, the organ of the Society. It is alleged that the too enterprising American has been laying hands on stories whose copyright is uncertain; that "A novel written for Tillotson & Son exclusively has very recently figured in three successive issues of the American *ONCE A WEEK*." Then Mr. Besant adds:

We can only repeat our former caution. Do not entrust MSS. to any advertiser without careful business agreements beforehand and proper guarantees.

These cautions are not without effect on the mind of the British Author, nor, perhaps, wholly without effect on the mind of the too enterprising American publisher. His too tempting advertisement has lately disappeared from the columns in which it once figured with regularity. Can it be that the British Author did not show the expected alacrity in walking into the American parlor so invitingly opened to him?

Our compliments to the Society of Authors. We believe in the self-protection of all kinds of labor, mental and physical. We have much respect for British Authors and for the society that has Lord Tennyson at its head; but we regret to find a third-class novelist as its doubtless unauthorized spokesman. Mr. Besant has not published anything of merit since the brain that made his reputation ceased to do the thinking for him. He is only half an author. Mr. James Rice's was the intellect that made Besant and Rice! Collaboration is advantageous to men of indifferent ability, but jackdaws should not strut in borrowed plumage. Mr. Besant's pompous declaration regarding his completion of Wilkie Collins's "Blind Love" stamped him as a cad and an egotist.

Mr. Harry Furniss, a member of the Society of British Authors, was recently in this country and very creditably set forth its objects and purposes on several occasions; but with a literary fakir, like Besant, as its champion and a disqualified and exiled newspaper nobody, such as Smalley, as its mouthpiece, the Society of British Authors is not likely to gain in respect or confidence with its American fellow-writers or publishers. Let its president speak for it, and not a cheap novelist with a bifurcated brain, half of which is dead! Nobody on this side the ocean will then complain that the Society of British Authors counsels the most scrupulous investigation regarding the responsibility of any American publisher.

Personally, we court it.

Our business is one of the largest of its kind in the world. Our salary list and bills average \$60,000 (say £11,800) per week, or over three million dollars per year! We feel amply able to buy and pay for any and all novels, suitable in matter and length, that the best British, American or French authors can produce every year. Nowhere can an author obtain such a circulation as we can guarantee, and we are gratified to know that the best American writers are already enrolled under our banner. We have, during the past few days, secured a charming story from Miss Dickens, daughter of Charles Dickens the younger. Mr. Dickens, at our request, investigated our financial responsibility and writes that it is entirely satisfactory. Many English authors have received our checks and will testify that they never came back to them indorsed "No funds!" Among these are Mr. Burnand, of *Punch*, and Mr. Rider Haggard.

During the past week checks have been sent to Fanny du Tertre, for her delightful "Story of a Star," to Edith C. Kenyon, for her novel of intense human interest, entitled "Will Ackroid's Socialism," and to Miss Dickens.

Now, as to the insinuation, probably made in good faith by *The Author* newspaper, that we have appropriated a copyrighted novel. "It is alleged," Smalley makes *The Author* say, "that the too enterprising American has been laying hands on stories whose copyright is uncertain." Of course, we have no guarantee that Smalley has correctly quoted *The Author*. On general principles we would be inclined to doubt it. However, here are the facts: Mr. Robinson, the American manager of Tillotson & Son, declares that *The Author* spoke without authority from that firm, and that the story referred to is entitled "A Life Sentence." This novel was published in England long before the International Copyright law went into effect. This is a matter of literary history. Besides, we take special care to assure ourselves in every case that we are not infringing the copyright law. It would be a business blunder not to do so, because we are not irresponsible blusterers, like Besant, or exiles from our homes, like Smalley. We are solvent and responsible. A copyright of "A Life Sentence" in the United States does not legally exist. Tillotson & Son had only the privilege of advance sheets to dispose of. This means, merely, that the publisher to whom they sold the advance sheets had the book on the market a day or two in advance of other publishers. Our answer to the well-meaning *Author* and to the two men who take up its cry is:

IF ONCE A WEEK has violated the International Copyright law in reprinting "A Life Sentence," we hereby publicly ask the Society of British Authors to bring an action under that law. Is this perfectly clear?

Do you follow us? If so, Come on!

THE POO BAH.

"I care not who the nation's laws may write,
I care not who may write the nation's songs;
When dry you have to come to Jerry Rusk,
To whom the rain-compelling trick belongs."
—John B. Cozz.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE nomination of Harrison and Reid by the Republicans at Minneapolis promises to work a revolution in the political complexion of several States.

Quay, of Pennsylvania, one of the Blaine leaders, has a personal following in that State. Usually Republican, Pennsylvania is now ruled by a Democratic governor, whose name is prominent before the nation. The Keystone State gave only nineteen out of its sixty-four votes for Harrison, though it is represented in his Cabinet. This is probably Quay's work, and there is no doubt that more of the same kind of generalship is in store. Under these circumstances, Pennsylvania, in this Presidential year, must be classed as a doubtful State.

Clarkson, of Iowa, was another Blaine leader. His opposition was, like Quay's, of the personal and not the merely political brand. It will survive Minneapolis among many of Clarkson's followers. Boies, the Democratic governor of Iowa, has been favorably mentioned with a national prominence. He has carried that alleged Republican State twice. Add Clarkson's following—do not forget that Iowa has never received much from the Republican party and may be growing restive—and Iowa must, even in the national election, be classed as a doubtful State.

Michigan wanted Alger, and the understanding, in the Wolverine State, was that his mantle was transferable to Blaine's shoulders only. At the convention Alger's name vanished. Michigan gave McKinley 19, Harrison 7, Blaine 2. This vote indicates a spirit of anything to beat Harrison, and a clear discernment that Blaine's case was hopeless. With a Democratic governor, Michigan is in the list of doubtful States.

It is too early to predict; but the probabilities are that the complete retirement of Blaine from politics, indicated by his defeat at Minneapolis, will dampen the enthusiasm of many Republican voters in the doubtful and close States. It is well known that there are thousands of voters who are Blaine Republicans only.

Michigan, Iowa and Pennsylvania are now under Democratic governors. Ohio, prolific mother of Presidents, offered a candidate who, *more than all other public men in either party*, will be before the people this Fall. The universality of the Harrison vote alone defeated McKinley. Four prominent States, usually Republican, but growing more and more doubtful year by year, gave McKinley 117 votes, Harrison 45, Blaine 6. They are Massachusetts, Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania. With this record the powerful Democratic press and the McLean-Brice-Campbell combination of the Buckeye State—and Ohio's well-known attachment for her great and rising young statesman on whose Tariff Bill the Republican party must stand or fall under the shower of November ballots—that State is dangerously uncertain for Harrison and the second term.

The Democratic Hill-Cleveland bitterness might be counted on to place New York in the Republican column, with any other Vice-President than Reid and any other Harrison leader than Depew—both of whom have a standing quarrel with the well-disciplined and long-memoried labor organizations of New York City. The eleventh-hour truce with the printers will hardly rehabilitate the New York *Tribune* as a friend of organized labor, and the New York Central Railroad stands where it has stood for years on the industrial question.

And yet, even with Reid and Depew representing the party there, the Empire State is good fighting ground; for Democratic quarrels are notoriously more serious than Republican love-spats. Cleveland, Campbell, Boies, Pattison, Russell, Hill, Carlisle, Gorman and Palmer would be a harmonious group on the subject of tariff reform and personal ambitions, were it not for the Saratoga convention and other unpleasantnesses. Eliminate the New York trouble, and the Empire State is more surely Democratic than it was when Cleveland defeated Blaine.

Pattison and Boies would be a new departure; and it is our opinion that it would be the strongest possible Democratic ticket. They are both at present in possession of two Republican strongholds. The first represents tariff reform in the greatest of protection States; the second represents it in the model agricultural, educational and young-voters' State of the great West. They are young, full of campaign work and free from all party quarrels in their own or other States. The ticket would be sure of the vote of all the Democratic States, including New York, and would make a creditable showing in doubtful States with Democratic governors. Winans would help it in Michigan, Russell in Massachusetts and the Cincinnati *Enquirer* in Ohio. We commend Pattison and Boies to the earnest attention of the Chicago Convention. We named one of the winners at Minneapolis, and a failure to name both at Chicago would make us sad.

APPALLING DISASTER IN THE OIL REGIONS.
FLOODS AND FLAMING OIL BRING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO OIL CITY AND TITUSVILLE.

THE oil regions of Northwestern Pennsylvania were drenched with continuous rains during the past six weeks, and the swelling and unconfined floods finally spread through all the valley of Oil Creek. First, at Titusville the destruction of property grew to alarming proportions; and later, at Oil City, eighteen miles distant, the blackened sky at night and the days of infrequent sunshine succeeded one another with disquieting regularity. The little stream had taken on the fierceness and new-born vim of a giant who wakes to a knowledge of his strength. Saturday night, June 4th, waterspouts and cloudbursts at Spartansburg, Townville and Canadota Lake brought the watery desolation to an appalling climax.

While the inhabitants of Titusville slept the Spartansburg dam burst, and rushed with thousand-horse power against oil tanks, gas works and electric light works. Explosions followed. Treacherous and unwarned gases ripped open the iron seams of gasometer, storage tank,

oil cars and dynamos. Upon the rushing, raging waters rode their ancient enemy, the Demon of Fire.

Titusville and Oil City found their blackened skies illuminated by flames whose overfed interior struggled angrily in the effort to destroy completely; and the oil-soaked surface of the entire region seemed the veritable struggling, shifting, surging form of a new demon riding on the heavy and drooping wings of the saturated atmosphere. Morning broke and saw dead bodies drifted upon the sites of happy homes, whose inmates were carried captive during the night to the debris further down the valley. Homeless people ran naked, terror-stricken, cold and hungry through the streets. It was a dreary Sabbath succeeding six other Sundays, whose dreariness had not such substance and form of naked horror and aggressive deathfulness as this one. All day long the smoldering and shapeless ruins of refineries, cooper shops, furniture factories, radiator works, hotels, railroad warehouses, cars, dwellings, in both cities, continued to waft to the elements which had wrought all this destruction the ghastly incense whose smoke seemed to weep great tears of pain back again upon the holocaust of life and property.

Patiently waiting for his turn to be rescued, a little boy of four years—weeping for his father and mother, who were "boof drowned"—clung to a pole fastened in the debris. No thought in his childish mind, but that he was left alone. The brave men who "rose to the occasion"—as brave men are wont to do—were saving lives at the chance of their own. They found the waif and brought him to a safe place. The incident was but a grim reminder of those others, young and old, who were not saved, and whose bodies were consumed by the flames before the flood could reach them, or were swept away to be never recognized again.

As a rule death came to whole families at once. The recovered and unaccounted-for dead in Titusville numbered nearly one hundred on Thursday, the 9th. At Oil City the loss of life is less, but the missing outnumber the recovered victims. Fire seems to have done its ghastly work more thoroughly there than in the upper city.

The little stream of Oil Creek, once a rivulet for bare-legged boys to ford, has changed its course. Oil tanks and agitators from the refineries have taken up their positions in the middle of the stream. The Dunkirk Railroad now enters Titusville on the grade; it formerly approached over trestles six feet high, under which the washings of clay and perhaps of dead bodies are now solidly built into a roadbed fresh from Nature's own hands.

For the relief of the sufferers and the rehabilitation of the ruined industries hundreds of thousands of dollars and many months of time will be required. Contributions are pouring in with a promptness and generosity known only in the United States. It will be far into the Autumn, however, before the oil region will have recovered from the financial loss inflicted not only upon the wealthy corporations, but on the owners of humble homes.

Discussion as to the cause—if any cause there be, outside of an elemental angry mood that occasionally visits this uneasy and uncertain planet—would be out of place at present. It is too early to begin finding fault or blaming anybody. It is, also, unseemly to even appear angry or critical in sight of so many new-made graves and oppressed by the sense and sight of the wide waste of destruction in which are other dead whose graves may be dugged and covered by hands not loving or sympathetic. In a week or two we may be able to speak intelligently, and until then it is best not to speak at all, except to express the wish that the sorrows of the stricken cities may be lightened and soothed by the sustaining and alleviating hand of prompt assistance and brotherly care from every State and Territory of the Union.

"CHANGE CARS FOR JERUSALEM!"

[Evangelische Blätter aus dem Morgenlande, Jerusalem.]

WE left Jerusalem to enjoy the initial gala trip on the new Jaffa-Jerusalem Railroad. We set out in stages for Ramleh, a large village fifty kilometers from Jerusalem, to which place the road has been completed. This place was reached in a drive of four hours. The entire company consisted of Europeans, and did not have an official appearance, as was the case when the first spike was driven in April, 1890, by Rashid Pasha.

At two o'clock the train left Ramleh. The station is eight minutes' walk from the village. The train was gayly decorated with flags and palm leaves, and the engine was named "Ramleh." The train consisted of three passenger coaches. A locomotive and train of cars on sacred ground made a strange appearance under the blue sky of the Orient, amid the palm and olive-trees, where otherwise the eye is accustomed only to long trains of camels and asses, or the plow of the Arab. A host of dark-brown Arabs in all kinds of uniforms crowded around us to carry our baggage.

The shrill sound of the whistle was heard and the train moved down the Sharon plain. Not much was to be seen on the road. The fields were not yet ready for Summer work. Now and then wadis were crossed, and a group of trees or a small Arabic village was passed. Half-way between Ramleh and Jaffa, at the forty-eight-kilometer stone from the latter place, we crossed the first bridge, which is of iron and twenty-four meters in length. The entire road is eighty-eight kilometers in length. After a trip of an hour, we stopped for the celebration attending the opening. Then, after returning to Ramleh, the next stopping-place was Lydd—the Lydda of Acts ix. This country assumed a friendlier appearance.

The effect of the noise of the train on the people and the animals was remarkable. Camels and asses ran in all directions from fright. After running through beautiful orange and palm groves, at the beginning of evening the train entered the station of Jaffa.



THE TERRIBLE DISASTER IN THE OIL CREEK VALLEY.

1—The Oil Flames on the Crest of the Flood.
2—Drowning of Mother and Child.

3—Rushing to the Hills for Safety.
4—Explosion of Oil

5—Dead Bodies Carried Away by the Flood.
6—The O'Mara Tragedy.

"YOUNG MR. GOULD."

[Ninth of a Series of Illustrated Interviews.]

WHEN he was sixteen, George J. Gould entered his father's office to learn the millionaire business. He is now twenty-eight and is worth \$6,000,000 in his own right and title, free and clear of all incumbrance.

"Young Mr. Gould," he is called in Wall Street, to distinguish him from his famous pater, Jay Gould. He and his younger brother Edwin, have the active administration of the entire Gould interests, which represent a total corporate capital of over \$1,000,000,000. When the affairs of half a dozen of the greatest corporations in the world, with a hundred or more subsidiary companies, were intrusted to them the elder Gould made no mistake, as time and events have proved.

Young Mr. Gould inherited a business head. His individual fortune was accumulated with no other capital than the allowance he received from his father. Instead of spending his money in riotous living, he used it where it would increase and multiply. Yet as a boy he had a good time. He had his gun, his rod and his boat, and the spirit of adventure was strong in him. He roughed it in the West, traveled in the East and saw pretty nearly everything that was worth seeing.

At the present day he is devoted to healthy sport. He fences and boxes, he has a hunting and fishing preserve in the Catskills and he has a schooner to gratify his propensity for the water.

He is a hard worker. He is at his desk in the big Western Union Building in Broadway every day, and does not have an idle moment. For all he is so busy, he is accessible, affable and punctilious in his engagements of whatever character.

Jay Gould practically retired six years ago from the direct management of the properties which he controls. The work of his master hand is seen now and then in extensive transactions, but his sons carry out the details.

"Are vast fortunes of advantage or disadvantage to the country?" I asked Young Mr. Gould.

"They are of incalculable advantage. They represent industries, enterprises and interests that develop the country and create employment for the working masses. When a railroad is to be built or a great manufactory is to be started, the aid of large capitalists is sought. Unless there were immense fortunes these undertakings could not be consummated. It is very seldom that a new railroad pays. It generally has to undergo foreclosure and reorganization. It is very plain to see the disaster that would result if there were not very rich men to stand the losses or to supply the funds to carry on a concern until it reached a paying basis. Not only would people who had put their all in a scheme be impoverished, but for lack of means operations would stop and people who depended on the work provided would be reduced to starvation. There are 'bad seasons' for railroads, and the directors or others loan the roads the money to keep up dividends during them. Thus people who rely on the incomes from investments in stocks and bonds are directly benefited. In manufacturing concerns there are periods when there is no demand for the articles made, but the mills are kept going in the expectation of disposing of the surplus production later. Oftentimes the expectation is not realized and the men who advanced the money are losers. There have been plenty of instances within the past five years when railroads employing thousands upon thousands of men and having thousands upon thousands of security holders have been rescued from bankruptcy and their operations extended to make them remunerative by men of wealth."

"Do not some men have more than their share of wealth?"

"Doubtless they do, and yet it cannot be denied that they are entitled to it if they have accumulated it in a legitimate undertaking. I think it will be found that more good comes from large fortunes being in the hands of those who possess them than would be the case if they were divided and distributed. It stands to reason, especially if they accumulated the fortunes, that they are more competent to use the money than others without experience. If the power of capital is employed to oppress or extort, then large wealth is not only harmful, but dangerous. There are so few instances of that kind, however, that they are far outweighed by the good that large wealth does. For another thing, much harm is often done by the too lavish and unbusiness-like use of money. Suppose a railroad is built parallel to a road that is affording a satisfactory service at fair rates. The second road is not needed, but it institutes a war of rates that throws both it and the old and previously prosperous road into bankruptcy. The service deteriorates and the securities of the two roads are rendered worthless. The consequences will probably extend clear to the works that supplied the rails and rolling stock for the new road. Unable to obtain their pay for what they have furnished, the works shut down and many men are left in idleness. The liberal use of money did good only while the road was being built, and laid the foundation for lasting injury."

"Does the amassing of fortunes lock up money and keep it from the people?"

"The great fortunes are not in money. They are in stocks, bonds and property. Money is the last thing that a man striving for gain would like to see his wealth in.



MR. GEORGE J. GOULD,
Elder Son of the Railroad Magnate.

He desires to possess things that will yield more than he could derive from money. The richest men are the heaviest borrowers! Inasmuch as they seek money from the banks and trust companies they borrow from the people of moderate means who keep their deposits in those institutions. They provide security for the loans, and put the money where it will return them more than the interest which they have to pay on it. The hoarding of money so that it is taken out of circulation is wrong. If there were more very rich men it would not follow that there would be more very poor men. On the contrary, I believe there would not be so many very poor men, for more needed enterprises would be inaugurated. There is no such thing as the centralization of wealth, if by that is meant the concentration of money. There may be centralization of interests. A city is a centralization of value inasmuch as the buildings which comprise it are worth more than they would be if scattered here, there and everywhere over the country. Improvement and concentration make value. What if some people live in luxury, so long as their wealth enables others to live in comfort? There are infinitely worse conditions than this. If the lands in America were held in entailed estates, so that nobody could buy a home, there would be just cause for complaint; but there are portions of the United States where one can have a home by merely taking up a residence on the land. There is no royalty or aristocracy here. Every man is the equal of every other man, and he is what he makes himself."

"Can every man make himself rich?"

"Yes, it is in the power of every man to become rich. Everyone of the great fortunes in this country was self-made. The young man starting in life should resolve to do his best. He should show that he has the interests of his employer at heart and should prove his value in every way in his power. He should have correct habits and should win and retain the confidence of everyone with whom he comes in contact. Hard work never hurt anybody, and it has helped many a man to a big fortune. If I had not a dollar to-day I would not hesitate to take my chances in life. I would strive with every effort to get ahead. Because a man is rich is no reason he should not work. Everybody ought to work. The best men of our time worked hard to get a start. Young men who inherit fortunes do not usually turn out well. They get their money without effort, do not know the value of it and fall into dissipated and profligate ways."

"What do you think of the future of the country? Will the changes in the next fifty years be as great as they have been in the past fifty?"

"The changes will, if anything, be greater. Fifty years ago, if anybody had said you could talk between New York and Boston and recognize the tones of the voice, could send a message from New York to London and get an answer in ten minutes, and could ride at the rate of sixty miles an hour on a railroad train, he would have been put in a lunatic asylum. Yet these things are now everyday occurrences and people have ceased to wonder at them. I expect in my day to see the air navigated by craft under perfect control, and I do not believe I am a subject for the madhouse. The vessels that sail among the clouds will carry passengers and mails, and I do not know but that

they will carry freight. They ought, at any rate with the wind in their favor, to make two hundred miles an hour. They will not have resistance to overcome, like ships or cars, and there ought practically to be no limit to their speed. They will sail round the world longitudinally, and leave the Stars and Stripes fluttering at both the North and the South Poles.

"We can do without the lost arts. We have new-found arts that are superior. There are a thousand years of progress in the electrical discoveries alone, and greater wonders are still to be disclosed. If steam locomotives are not entirely dispensed with, I shall be greatly surprised."

"Where is the greatest development in the interests of this country to be looked for?"

"In our shipping, I think. The present administration has done a great deal to promote it by reciprocity treaties and mail contracts. Shipping must have Government aid at the outset. England dominates the commerce of the sea because it pays subsidies. These subsidies are granted for the sole purpose of encouraging shipping, although the professed object is to allow the vessels to be impressed into the Government service in case of war. If American shipping were given a start by the Government, it would soon be able to take care of itself."

"Can ships be built in this country as cheaply as in Great Britain?"

"They cannot at present, but I believe they could be as soon as extensive ship-building yards were in full operation. We can to-day build better ships than any other country. We easily lead in all kinds of construction. We have better designers, better workmen and better machinery. The talk that American vessels would not be patronized by foreigners is nonsense. The Inman Line ships, which have hitherto been sailing under the British flag because they were built abroad, have nevertheless been owned by Americans, and they have been well patronized. Rates and service determine the patronage. We have the best railroad system in the world, and if we augment it with the best shipping we shall rule commerce."

"Where is railroad construction to be the greatest in the immediate future?"

"In the present state of things that is difficult to say. There is a formidable obstruction to both railroad construction and railroad operation which may be summed up in two words: 'Hostile legislation.' In what condition would the country be without railroads? They have made the country. Yet the Legislatures and Congress hamper them in every way. The Inter-State Commerce law causes an absolute loss of fifty million dollars a year to the railroads. Railroad building has been entirely stopped in Iowa by the measures enacted. In Texas, a State where railroads are needed, the legislation has become restrictive. These two States are already beginning to feel the consequences of their inimical laws. Not only is it impossible to induce the investment of capital in railroads, but in enterprises of any description. Capitalists will not loan on land or other property, because they do not know how soon they will be legislated out of both interest and principal. There is, of course, the most room in the West for railroads."

"Why is it that there is such a vast accumulation of idle money?"

"One reason is the hostile legislation which keeps it out of railroads and other undertakings. Another is the somewhat quiet condition of trade. Merchants are not stocking up extensively, because there is not the demand to warrant them in doing so. Another and a favorable reason is, that the abundant crops of last year enabled a great number of farm mortgages to be paid off."

"Would another great crop this year be of advantage or disadvantage to the country?"

"It would be of advantage. Under no circumstances would the crop fail to pay for cultivation. It would make the important necessities of life cheaper to the consumer and would furnish business for the railroads."

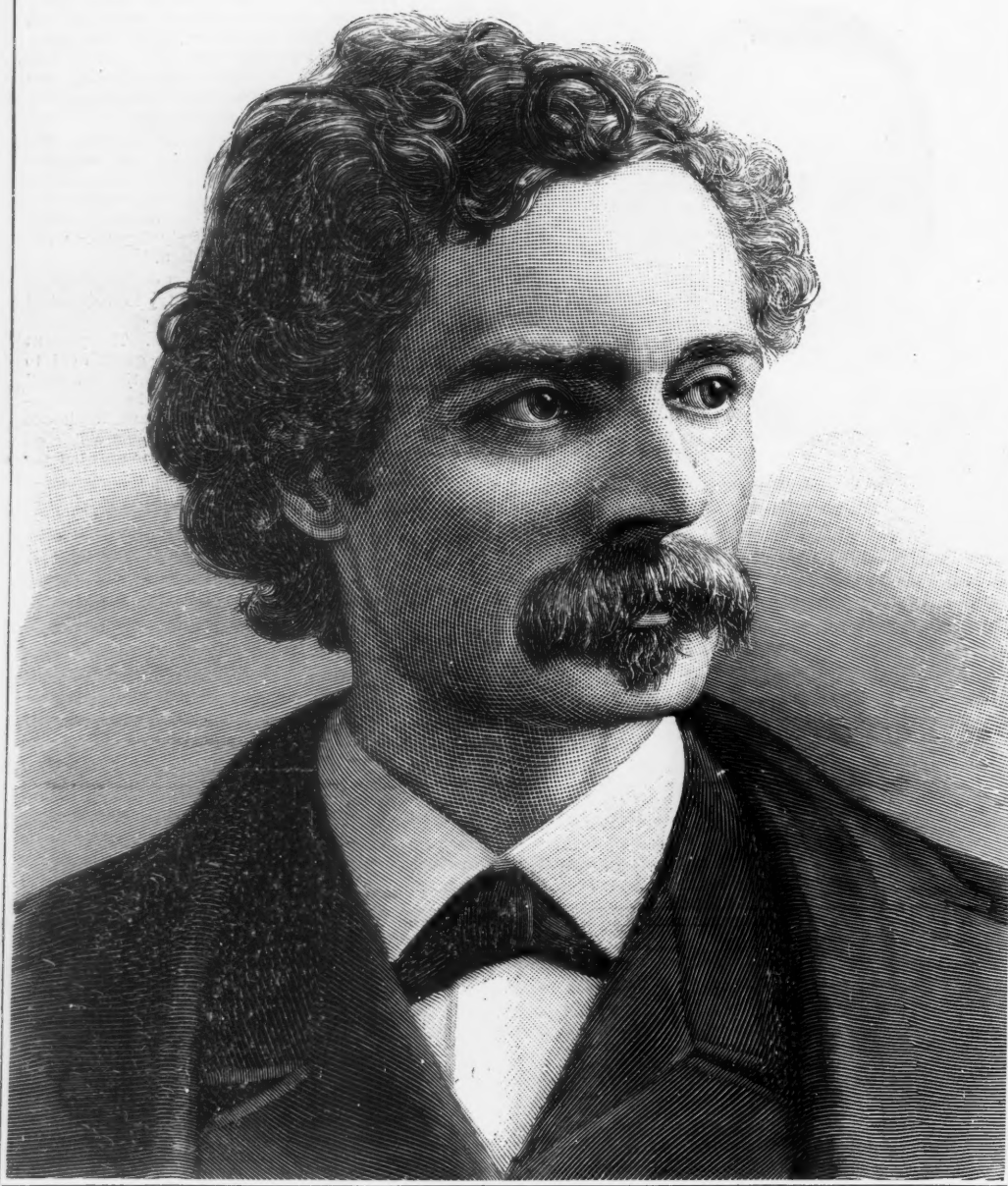
"Which will be the great city of the future in the United States?"

"Chicago covers a great deal of ground, but New York can keep up, I believe. It can annex Brooklyn and the rest of Long Island. It can take in Yonkers and keep on taking in clear up to the Connecticut State line. If that is not enough it can absorb Staten Island and the State of New Jersey. Aside from all this New York is growing very fast. The extent of the building on the upper part of Manhattan Island and in the district above the Harlem River is amazing."

"I believe that New York is quite as well off that it did not secure the World's Fair. It would have created a boom while it lasted, but the subsequent effects would have been serious. Probably several years of depression would have followed, and this is something that Chicago, energetic as it is, must look out for."

"How is the rapid transit problem in New York to be solved?"

"The elevated railroads can provide rapid transit if they are permitted to. By a third track they can run express trains that will cover the distance from the Harlem River to the Battery in twenty minutes, and that is quick enough for anybody. The underground projects or the plans for roads through blocks seem to me impracticable."



MR. WHITELAW REID,
Republican Candidate for the Vice-Presidency.

They would cost so much that the money could not be secured for them, and they would not earn one-half of the interest on their bonded indebtedness. They would have to carry people for five cents, the same as the elevated and surface roads, to obtain business. It would do them no good if their charters allowed them to charge one dollar. People would pay no more than at present. Furthermore, people would not like to ride underground. They know what that is from going through tunnels.

"The scheme for a viaduct through blocks contemplates warehouses underneath the road. It strikes me that we should have altogether too many warehouses for the town. New elevated projects are confronted with claims for damages to property, so enormous in the aggregate that they are an effectual bar to building. These claims have been a heavy load for the present elevated roads. If the Manhattan Railroad Company is allowed to enlarge its terminals and otherwise improve its system it will afford rapid transit. The elevated system through the streets is the only practicable one, and when the electric motors are perfected so as to meet the requirements as to power and speed, locomotives will be done away with and the chief and, in fact, only reasonable cause for complaint removed. The New York elevated roads have been waiting for a successful electric motor and will adopt it as soon as it is found."

"Which is to be the great political party of the future?"

"To my way of thinking people in the future will vote for men and principles and not for party. The independent vote has increased wonderfully in the past few years, and it will increase at a greater rate in the next few years. Our system of government is all right if we have the proper men to apply it. By the defeat of the movement for the free coinage of silver we have passed the greatest danger that has threatened us in a decade. If there is an international agreement on bi-metallism, then we shall be on an equal with other nations, and shall have nothing to fear from the unlimited use of silver." H. I. SMITH.

MIXED.—Under the heading "A Tragic Affair," it was recently stated in a paragraph, "a lady had been shot by a discharged servant." It would have been better if the servant, on being discharged, had gone off and injured nobody.

ROUND THE WORLD IN TWENTY MINUTES.

WITH the assistance of the Empire State, the New York World has undertaken to convict and punish a Dr. Buchanan on a charge of murdering his wife.

Mr. Balfour has withdrawn the Irish Local Government Bill.

Chinese Highbinders in San Francisco are offering five hundred dollars bounty per death for the murder of Christian Chinamen.

It is believed that most of the conspirators against the Hawaiian Government at Honolulu will be expatriated. An eruption of Mount Vesuvius is causing the formation of a new cone.

The czar of Russia will not support France in a dispute or war with Germany on the Alsace question.

Behring Sea is swarming with seal, and forty sealing vessels have started for "catches," with the British gunboats after them. It seems to be catch-as-catch-can.

Ex-Premier Mercier, of the Province of Quebec, has been committed for trial.

A protracted drought on the Lower Rio Grande, near Laredo, Tex., is causing much suffering, destitution and death. Crops, cattle and human beings have succumbed.

Burlington, N. J., has a Democratic mayor, a Republican council and two police forces, and yet is not happy. She must want the earth.

This tot ought to live long and prosper. At the age of two years Charles Lee Burdon, of Providence, fell into a cistern and floated around in seven feet of water until his grandfather handed him a pole to which he "caught on." Charles is good stuff; but how about the cistern?

The czar and kaiser met and embraced at Kiel. The roar of cannon and the clanking of Siberian chains were temporarily postponed and muffled, respectively.

Mrs. Jessie Hall has sued Millionaire James W. Paige, the typewriter magnate of Hartford, for nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars for breach of promise, leaving that gentleman fifty thousand dollars out of his million to begin life again all alone.

Residents of Oil City and Titusville will investigate the breaking of the Spartanburg dam.

Sidney Dillon died on the 9th inst. at New York. He is known as one of the great railroad builders and owners whose work was much greater than the modest number of his millions would seem to show.

Prince Odaleschi at Rome received a letter signed "Group of Death," bidding him, under pain of death, to bury one hundred thousand dollars for the "group" in a certain spot in the suburbs. The prince felt in his vest-pocket, where he carries his small change, and found he could not spare that sum. He has two Anarchists now under arrest. This is a cable dispatch, but it must be a dead fake. Even the wild-eyed Anarchist must know that no prince in Rome can spare so much money now, in the unsettled condition of the Italian finances.

During a cloudburst and cyclone on June 9th a slice of the mountains between Holdsterville and Moscow, Pa., was eroded, leaving the track of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad suspended in the air over a vast precipice.

John R. Cray, of Nicholas County, New York, is engaged during this heat and humidity in the breezy occupation of sawing boards for his coffin and lettering his tombstone. He is old and wealthy.

The whitecaps that have just invaded New York City will not duck you in the horse-pond or take you out of bed at night for a noisy but otherwise inoffensive jag. They sell newspapers for a living, and the new headgear is cool and neat.

The New Oriental Bank of London has suspended. Liabilities about thirty-six millions of dollars; assets quite extensive, but not fully ascertained.

Billiard Champion Frank C. Ives has sailed for Paris to meet the French experts. Bon voyage, and may the best republican win.

Bob Ford has gone to join his whilom partner in crime, Jesse James, whom he killed later. Edward A. Kelly shot him dead at Creede, Col., to avenge the killing of his father and brother and the torturing of his mother by Ford and James, at Harrisonville, Cass County, Mo., several years ago.

The Italo-American Exposition at Genoa opens July 1st. The amount paid out by the Russian Government for the famine sufferers is about one hundred and twenty-five million dollars.

Minister Lincoln intends to be at home during October and November.

BOSTON BASTING SMALLEY.

[From the Boston Advertiser.]

It is a thousand pities that the editors of the great *Century* dictionary did not consult with G. W. Smalley, of London, who finds—but let him speak for himself, as he does in his letter to the New York *Tribune*:

The question which seems to agitate New York, whether the final letter in valet ought to be sounded, is one which in this country has settled itself. It is always sounded, but that is no reason why the American should sound it unless he chooses. I look into the *Century* dictionary in search of some evidence as to American pronunciation, and I find an alternative pronunciation, "valet or vala," the a long. The second is original, I suppose, with the editor of this remarkable work. It is not English, it is very far from being French; is it in truth American, or is it only *Century* American?

The ineffable sniffiness of this paragraph is delightful. What an unparalleled old Tory squire it is! The sarcasm in the phrase "this remarkable work," the severe characterization "only *Century* American," the lofty sneer that, although England always sounds the "t," "that is no reason why the American should sound it unless he chooses"—these are delicious instances of the depatriated Yankee. Who would suppose that Smalley was born in Suffolk County, in the old Bay State, and was graduated at Yale College, when he reads such stuff as this? Not even the astonishing Watts, of the *Athenaeum*, can surpass the crass insolence of Smalley.

AMONG THE MONEY-MAKERS.

THE stock market shows very little disposition to radical change. The quotations which are made from day to day are the result of the operations of professional traders, the general public still holding aloof from speculation. So far as conditions in this country are concerned, there is nothing on which to base a campaign for lower prices. The railways are earning fair items in most cases, commercial business, while not so active as might be wished, is still profitable, and the agricultural outlook, while not as brilliant as that of last year, promises at least fair returns to the farmer. Money is plentiful for those who have acceptable collateral, and there is no dread of an insufficiency, even when the time of heavy demand for the moving of the crops arrives.

The current news, however, has been favorable to the bears. The principal item of interest has been the suspension of the New Oriental Bank of London, an institution which has been in trouble for a long period, and which finally collapsed because the Bank of England very wisely declined to repeat the methods adopted at the time of the Baring crisis. The passage by the House of the Hatch anti-option bill was made a great deal more of than its importance, so far as stock speculation is concerned, justified. Stock Exchange traders seemed to forget that the bill has absolutely nothing whatever to do with stock speculation. Its provisions cover products only, and, if it ever becomes a law, it should benefit stock speculation, rather than hurt it.

If the public were in the market the political excitement of these days might be injurious, but, as it is not, no harm is done.

The bears have concentrated their efforts against the Granger stocks, and they have met with considerable success, particularly in the cases of Chicago, Burlington and Quincy and Rock Island. They contend that the market is a sale on all sallies for the next three months at least. Their point is that the corn crop is such an important factor in the trade of the country, both directly and indirectly, that whatever affects it, or threatens to affect it unfavorably, must be reflected in lower prices for the stocks of the great corn-carrying roads. On the publication of the State crop report of Kansas, showing the average condition of corn to be only 69, the prices of the stocks of the two roads referred to were sharply depressed.

Another argument frequently advanced in favor of a lower market is that Mr. Gould is working for such a condition. Mr. Gould's denials of the allegation are not accepted, because, perhaps, of the course of the stocks which are known to be in his control. More than once, on recent occasions, when the general market has shown an advancing tendency, it has been checked by suddenly-developed weakness in his specialties. It is difficult to understand how Mr. Gould can really be a bear, while he is the owner of such vast blocks of securities as he is known to possess. He may, however, have some special object in view in depressing prices, and it is this suspicion that raises doubt as to his position. MIDAS.



THE cheap labor class in the United States must be having a great deal of fun over the miseries of employers who once thought they were well rid of it. When American labor struck for higher pay, for unskilled work, a number of employers sent abroad for foreigners, and succeeded so well that for more than forty years nearly all the heavy manual labor in the country was done by Irishmen. But Pat is as quick-witted as a Yankee; he lost no time in becoming an American himself and demanding the highest market pay and getting it. Then the Germans were tried. They seemed slow-witted enough to suit the most unscrupulous of employers, but German wits got there in the course of time and got there to stay. Welchmen, Englishmen, Norwegians and Swedes followed in great numbers, but they, too, quickly learned that one man is as good as another in this country, and they stuck up for their rights and got them. A few years ago, thousands of Hungarians were brought over at very cheap rates to drive the striking workmen out of some of the Pennsylvania collieries; they looked like animals and lived about as cheaply as so many beasts, but even animals have quick eyes, and when the fiery Hun discovered how much there was in America that money could buy, he also went on strike for higher pay, and it took a great many soldiers and policemen to repress him. Last of all came the Italian; fifty sons of sunny Italy could be domiciled in a single small house, they could be fed at ten cents per head per day, they didn't understand our language and seemed unable to learn it, and each gang was under a native boss who saw lots of money for himself in keeping them down. Now, however, the Italian is on strike in many places, and, as he sends all his savings back home, where one week of American pay will support a peasant family in luxury for a month, he hasn't any of the ordinary domestic reasons for fearing to knock off work. Who is to replace him is a question which now is driving the employers of cheap labor almost crazy. The darkey won't answer, for as a rule he won't work unless someone stands over him with a whip or a club, and slavery days are gone. The Chinaman has been tried, with the result that he is the highest-paid laborer in the United States today, and, to do him justice, he earns his money. The Indian won't work for wages, and the monkey can't be taught to handle a shovel or trundle a wheelbarrow. Evidently labor is about to have its innings and keep them for all time.

After much exhaustive and conscientious figuring a scientific man has discovered that the influence of waves and storms upon the earth is so destructive and remorseless that in about six million years the entire surface of the earth will be covered with water. If he thinks this sort of yarn is going to scare anyone he is very much mistaken. Long before that time there will have been so many improvements in the construction of yachts and houseboats that everyone would rather live afloat than ashore. Still better, the fishing season will then last all the year round, and there will be so many men in the business that the highly picturesque industry of manufacturing "fish-stories," will be driven by ruinous competition to a place among the lost arts.

It appears that we still can learn something of civilization from the Old World, which, after all, isn't as effete as some of our Fourth of July orators and Thanksgiving Day preachers would have us believe. Over in Hungary there are two cities in which the wearing of dresses which touch the sidewalk is prohibited by law, and any woman caught wearing a trail in the street is arrested and imprisoned for disorderly conduct. The basis of the law on this subject is that the accumulation of street dust within the clothing is a fruitful cause of the spread of infectious diseases. It would seem that this idea should have occurred to lovely women before a lot of rude men could call her attention to it, but some women seem still to be of the opinion that one might as well be dead as out of the fashion; besides, the wearing of long dresses is a splendid thing for business, so long as it supplies extra work for laundresses, doctors and undertakers.

Much though Chicago may be disappointed at her inability to get any of the crowned heads of Europe to visit the Columbian Exposition next year, there will not be a great amount of mourning throughout the country. To offer a king or two to look at would be a great point for an advertisement, but the trouble about European royalty nowadays is that it doesn't go about the streets in crowns of gold and robes of state, but wears clothes as common as those of the general public. On the other hand, the announcement that the sultan of Johore, one of the States of the Malay Peninsula, is going to send a Malay village to Chicago, and will visit the fair himself, to see that his goods are kept according to sample, is quite a different matter, and will set Chicago visitors wild with curiosity. A sultan always is a picturesque figure, even if one sees him only on the stage in a comic opera, and with a German or Irish nose under his dollar-a-pound olive complexion. Nobody in the world can be a more attractive figure except, perhaps, the drum-major of a brass band.

In spite of whatever good there may be in the so-called bichloride of gold cure for inebriates, it is absolutely certain that there are some physques which cannot safely endure the treatment. While the method remains a secret, all arguments about it must be in the dark; but among the results is the fact that some of the patients have committed suicide and others have gone into lunacy which apparently is hopeless. No new fad ever before had so

many determined supporters; but the number of untimely corpses is great enough to warn every man who wants to take the treatment to first consult his family physician and learn how much strain, if any, his nerves and circulation can stand.

About this time of the year look out for children coming home from school with their little heads full of aches. As a rule, the American schoolroom is worse ventilated than the American barroom; it contains a far greater number of persons in proportion to the air-space, and it offers no recuperatives except what the water-cooler grants. It is a good time of the year to keep children at home, unless the parent has some influence with the school board or teacher and can be sure that the classrooms are properly ventilated. There is no education in a schoolroom headache, nor any discipline, either, except, perhaps, to the girls who are to be martyrs to headache when they become adult and married, and are getting ready thus early to endure the inevitable.

Once in awhile a new charity turns up which is so necessary and practicable that everyone wonders why it never was thought of before. The latest of the kind is the New York plan, started by a daily newspaper, for supplying ice free of charge to the sick poor. "A cup of cold water" is one of the humane attentions specially mentioned by the founder of Christianity, and in thousands of villages it is easy to get from the nearest well; but in the cities, in which nearly a third of the population of the United States have clustered, cold water has a money value during six months of the year, and those who most need it have frequently to do without it. There ought to be a free ice society in every city in the land; no form of benevolence costs less or is more welcome.

According to those who are supposed to know all about it, yacht-racing has gone into a rapid decline in this country. This information will surprise about nine-tenths of the men who own yachts, and it isn't worth a moment's thought by anyone else. The reason of the dismal talk is that there are no big yachts being built, nor any great challenges afloat to excite the nautical mind. In spite of this, however, every man who sails a boat is just as determined as ever that no other man who sails a boat shall pass him, if such a catastrophe can be helped by cracking on all sail and taking any quantity of risk. Already every bay, sound and lake is white with the sails of pleasure-boats, and just as much spirit is displayed in a hundred friendly "brushes" a day as would be necessary to sail a race in defense of the America's cup against a challenging Britisher. Yacht racing won't go into decline until the competitive spirit goes out of human nature.

The young woman with an unlimited capacity for ice-cream is reappearing in the funny papers, where she has been every year from the first hot day of Summer until the latest November frost. But why shouldn't the young woman like ice-cream, and why shouldn't the young man who likes her like also to give the dear creature all the pleasure that his purse can afford? Does the young man complain that his chums of his own sex like cigars or something stronger, or does he fail to "keep his end up" financially in treating? Not much—not if he travels with that sort of a crowd. The idea that feminine tastes which require an outlay of money are burdens grievous to be borne by men, is a survival of the mean old times when women were merely the playthings and servants of men. Those days are gone, so far as this country of ours is concerned, and the gentler sex may be depended upon to see to it that they never shall return. The young fellow who expects to bask in the smiles of beauty and give only his not-always-gracious presence in return, should emigrate to the South Sea Islands, Central Africa or some other uncivilized part of the world, and become, in fact, the barbarian that he is at heart. He needn't delay for fear that the ice-cream girl will miss him—there are plenty of better fellows who will look after her. If he is too poor to entertain the girls and travel with the boys, too, why, let him choose between them, keeping in mind the fact that the girls are generally the better company, and, in the long run, the least expensive.

Is there to be no end to the procession of men who insist on being protected against the tastes of their fellow-beings in matters of business? A few nights ago more than a thousand tailors got together in New York and protested against Americans having their clothes made abroad. True, not more than one American in a thousand goes through the luxury and expense of patronizing foreign tailors, but after this one man the knights of shears and the goose seem to be chasing most determinedly. According to these industrious tradesmen, no man returning from abroad should be allowed to bring in more than a single change of clothing duty free, no matter how long he has worn them. In the meantime, the truth remains that foreigners, some Englishmen excepted, are the worst-dressed men in the world, and even an American in English clothes by the best London tailor must depend more upon himself than his clothes if he wishes to look well. When a pretty little woman once went to her shoemaker and complained that the last pair of shoes she ordered were out within a week, the owner of the shop looked at her pityingly and replied: "I'm afraid you walk a great deal; now, our shoes are made only for carriage people." The English tailor selects his patterns for men who are leisurely of movement and who by nature or custom carry themselves well. An English suit on an American who dashes along the street as if he were going to a fire, and who ties himself into a double bowknot as soon as he seats himself in a train, or even in a chair in someone's parlor, will make the handsomest man look like a scarecrow. The tailors will get their revenge if they let the fad for English clothes run its gait. It can't last long.

According to men who know, the many thousands of people, all fools, who are now debarred by law from mailing money for the purchase of lottery tickets are getting

their customary excitement by patronizing, by letter, the "bucket-shops," which offer to invest any sum of money, from a dollar up, in the stock and grain market. The moral and financial difference between the two operations is hard to discover with a mental magnifying-glass of the highest power. "Quick turns" on railway stocks, wheat and corn are sometimes made by the operator, but in the long run the only one that can be depended upon is that all of the operator's money will be turned into the pockets of the broker. Get anyone of these enterprising fellows into a confidential humor, which is not hard to do, and he will tell you that his customers are as thoroughly fools as the inmates of any lunatic asylum, and that he wonders whether none of them ever went to school long enough to learn the elementary rules of arithmetic. As to that, the larger and more reputable brokers talk in the same way about all of their customers who are not on the ground where the dealing is going on and closely watching every move. There may be some truth in the saying, "A fool for luck," but, judging by the ups and downs of stock market transactions, a man must first believe himself a fool, in which case he isn't likely to speculate at all—and there's where his luck comes in.

Science is making wondrous progress in many directions nowadays, and nowhere more notably than in the art of war. In old times a king or general who wished to forecast the result of an expected conflict would get together a lot of old and tried soldiers for a council of war; now, however, a mild-mannered young man in spectacles will get up in front of a blackboard and demonstrate the whole thing by the rules of algebra and conic sections. In the less momentous though highly exciting warfare of the prize-ring, the odds in betting are supposed to decide in advance who the winner shall be; but suddenly science has stepped in and decreed that the comparative measurements of the men, as to chest, limbs, muscles, etc., shall tell which is the best man, and, consequently, the winner. All this may be highly edifying to men interested in such subjects; but nations and individuals cannot afford to forget the wealth of wisdom in a certain old saying to which the late Josh Billings made an important addendum:

"Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just,
And four times he who gits his fist in just."

If builders of hotels in large cities continue in their rage for decoration, the "show" palaces of the Old World will have to shut up shop and be turned into factories or tenement-houses. In a hotel just completed in New York the architects and decorators have ransacked every period of the civilized world for variety and elaboration of ornament, and completed their work without regard to expense, the owner being cheered and sustained in his ambitious effort by the thought that in the course of time the guests will pay for it; but the work is none the less wonderful on that account.

ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY.

NEW FICTION TO COME FROM DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

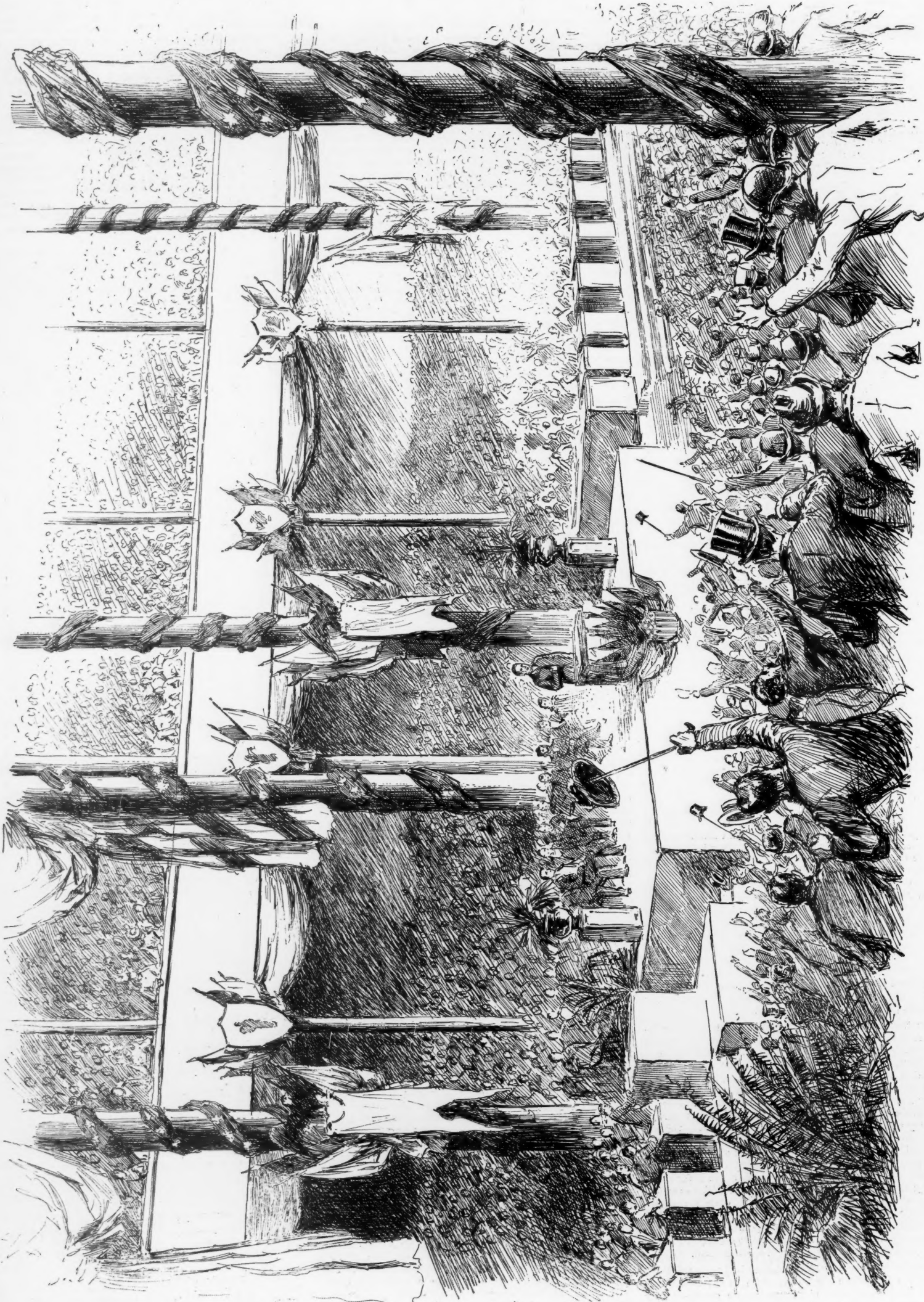
"A King's Daughter," by G. Cardella, has for hero and heroine two young people who pass through real, live difficulties and dangers, and triumph in the end, after a severe struggle. As this is real life, as the story is charmingly told and as the author takes frequent occasion to lay bare the true and the false in all his characters, the reader involuntarily concludes at last: "Now, really all this is true. This story is worth reading." Jim Trethyl, upon whom rests the shadow of an ancestral curse in the shape of a vicious father and an unhappy home life in boyhood, meets Georgie Carew, the "King's Daughter." He is irresistibly drawn toward higher hopes for himself, and the shadow is lifted. Does he marry Georgie? Yes. And if you read this charming story, you will say that when the wedding-day came, he was worthy of her, though Georgie Carew is a very high-grade specimen of that noble lady now so well and favorably known in our own country, the King's Daughter. This story goes in two parts, with Nos. 10 and 11, Vol. IX.

MARGUERITE.

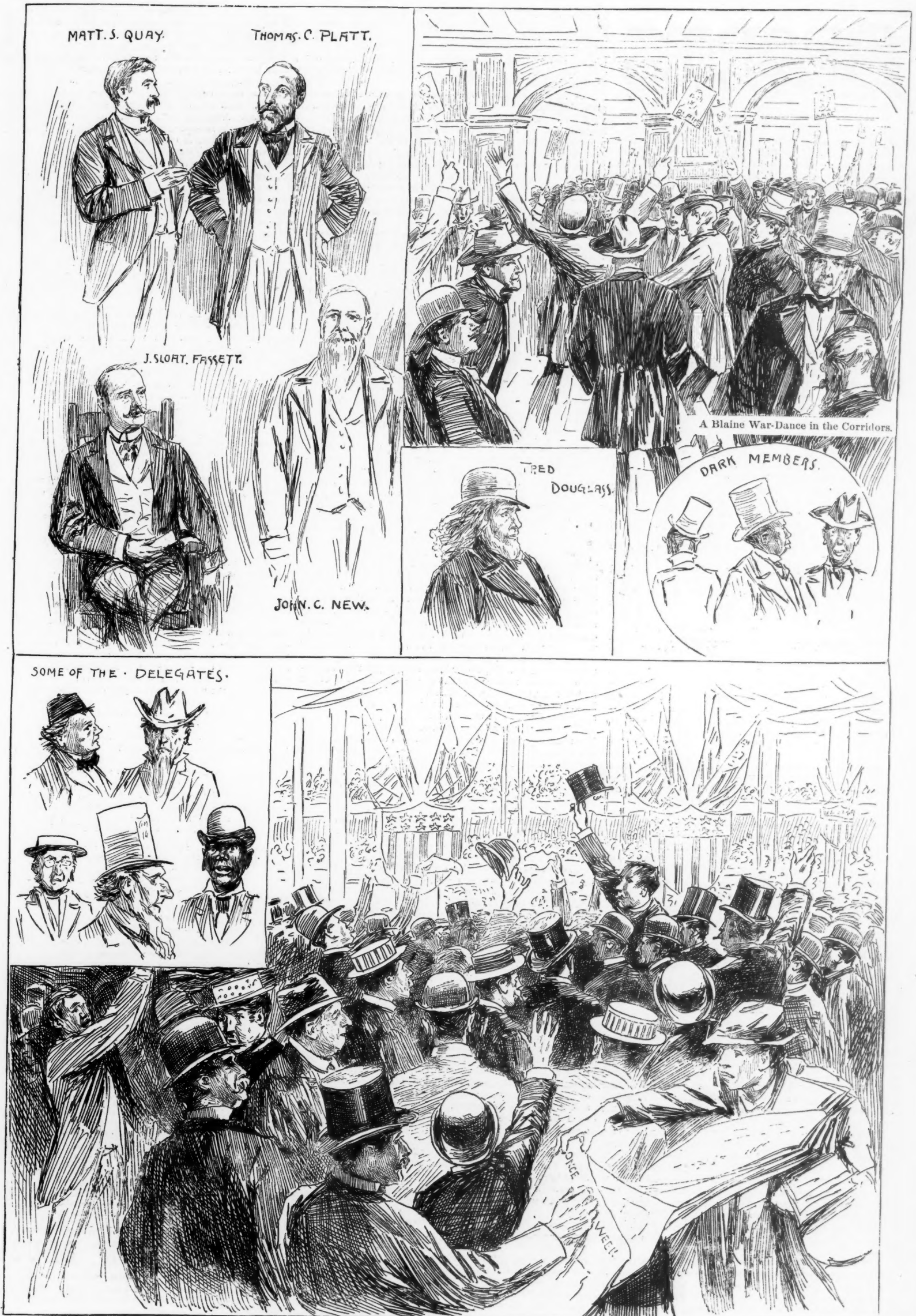
THERE'S a blush upon your cheek
Marguerite;
And you're looking very meek,
Marguerite.
Ah, tell me is it true
That a lord's in love with you,
That he's coming here to woo,
Marguerite?
How can you thus forget,
Marguerite?
Have you not one small regret,
Marguerite?
Is love so cheap a thing?
Be free as bird on wing;
Go tell him I'm your kin,
Marguerite.—TOM HALL.

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

- June 19—Sunday—"Life is the gift of God, and is divine."—Longfellow.
June 20—Monday (Accession of Queen Victoria, 1837)—"When men are young, they want experience; when they have gained experience, they want energy."—Earl of Beaconsfield.
June 21—Tuesday—"All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses."—Herbert.
June 22—Wednesday—"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that little wheel we go not up or down;
Our board is little, but our hearts are great."—Tennyson.
June 23—Thursday—"A good conscience is to the soul what breath is to the body: it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than counterbalances all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us."—Addison.
June 24—Friday—"No desponding; no repining;
Leisure must by toil be bought."—Barry Cornwall.
June 25—Saturday—"Contentment is natural wealth; luxury, artificial poverty."—Socrates.



THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT MINNEAPOLIS.
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW SECONDING THE RENOMINATION OF BENJAMIN HARRISON FOR THE PRESIDENCY, JUNE 10.





[Each Department written by a Recognized Authority.]
CRACK TWO AND THREE-YEAR-OLDS.

SO FAR, the present racing season has failed to develop a two-year-old who seems likely to create a sensation in the hereafter. As a rule, ere this the J. A. and A. H. Morris stable have introduced the public to some juvenile who, if they have failed to withstand the strain to which their trainer subjects them, have at least shown ability to gallop in their early career. Up to the time of writing, fortune seems to have deserted the all-scarlet completely, for, instead of Russells, Ambulances, Corrections, Reckons and St. Florians, only a moderate lot of youngsters have borne the conspicuous colors. It is true the two best—imported Agile, by Springfield, and imported Galantry, by Gallop—have gone wrong in one way or another, and the best seen out so far has been Freemason, Correction's half-brother, by Followcraft. Great things were expected of Minnehaha, for whom fourteen thousand dollars was paid; but, although she had shown her people wonderful trials, she has utterly collapsed in her races after going half a mile.

On speaking to Mr. Hennen Morris a few days ago about the filly's woeful lack of stamina, he assured me it was nothing like her true form, and that, though he didn't know what ailed her, she, like her other juvenile companions, had been ailing and were not nearly themselves. Minnehaha is certainly a grand-looking filly back of her neck, and, as she has shown three-quarters of a mile in her preparatory work in 1:16, there is ample time for her to regain her high private reputation. Of the others, the Ehret youngster Don Alonzo seems to have best claims to anything approaching class. He sports the badge of the rogue—blinkers; but, with the exception of being a slow beginner, has run true and straight.

Sir Walter's win in the great American Stakes looks like a decided fluke, and a plainer, more ordinary-looking colt never wore a bridle. Ajax has shown speed, but whether he likes anything over five furlongs has yet to be demonstrated.

A colt whose smooth, lengthy outline and general "cut" resembles his "dad" is Ray d'Or's son Restraint. At present he is very undeveloped in ribs, and gives one the impression that he will show considerable improvement in the Fall. But in the same stable is a grand-looking youngster by St. Blaise—Belladonna, who has yet to make his appearance. From all accounts he is a "smasher," and certainly, if looks have anything to do with it, he should be a crack of the first water.

The best of the others who have yet to appear are, or should be, three fillies in August Belmont's stable and a filly belonging to "Billy" Lakeland, by Longfellow—Miss Primrose, by the Ill Used. All three have satisfactorily answered the questions asked of them, and should be credited winners at Sheepshead Bay.

If the season has not introduced turfmen to anything startling among the juveniles, it has more than made amends by the quality of its three-year-olds. At Gravesend, St. Florian, Patron and Yorkville Belle gave a taste of their quality, whereas Morris Park can boast of having established the high caliber of Tammany and Locohatchee. St. Florian's defeat in the Melrose Handicap somewhat detracts from his Gravesend performances, but it was asking him a severe question to give smart three-year-olds all the way from eighteen to twenty-six pounds over the trying "ups" and "downs" at Westchester. Patron was out of his distance in the Withers Stakes, as a mile and a quarter, or further, should be more to his liking. Yorkville Belle's third to the last-named and Tammany is excusable, as fillies are at a decided disadvantage in the Spring of the year. Concerning Tammany, one has only to quote "Matt" Byrnes's own words, "He's the best horse I ever trained," and when it is remembered that he trained Salvador and Firenze, no other words are necessary. What with these tried stake-winners, and His Highness, Nomad and Victory yet to make their appearance, the present year gives every promise of being a phenomenal one for horses of their age.

ON LEAGUE DIAMONDS.

The recent secret conferences by the League baseball magnates in this city gave rise to many rumors of dissension and discord in the ranks of the Twelve Club League, but it now turns out that the backers of the game were not scheming for a "throw-down" of the weaker clubs, and that, instead, they were planning to strengthen the tail-end teams by a systematic pooling of substitute players from the big clubs.

President Byrne, of Brooklyn, outlined the plan to me the other day, exclusively. It seems that Von der Ahe, of St. Louis, Von der Horst, of Baltimore, Wagner, of Washington, and Stucky, of Louisville, drew up jointly a petition which was informally presented to the other League people by John T. Brush, of Cincinnati, asking that substitute players on the pay-rolls of the Boston, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Philadelphia clubs be placed in the hands of the Committee on Players' Assignment for distribution among them.

At first the matter was seriously opposed, on the ground that the players in question should be retained in case of emergencies; but when the four clubs made it apparent that they were bound to lose money and become a drag upon the League treasury, it was decided to accede to Mr. Brush's demands.

In this way the clubs will probably pool the following

players: Boston, Stovey; Brooklyn, Terry, Stein and Kennedy; New York, Sharrott and Murphy; Philadelphia, Carsey; Cleveland, Doyle and Williams; Cincinnati, Rhines, Harrington and Burke; Pittsburgh, Woodcock and Ehret. Claims have already been filed, for the services of these men, with N. E. Young, which will be acted upon by the Players' Committee.

The first championship race has narrowed down to a great fight for first honors between Boston and Brooklyn, with an even chance for both. The Bostons have been lucky in getting along without having any of their star players crippled, while Brooklyn has had a hospital list ever since the season opened. But now the "Hub" team is beginning to feel the pace it has been setting. Quinn, Kelly and Clarkson are suffering from injuries which, though not serious, are bound to impair their good work on the field, while Ward's men are all in excellent trim and promise to make a great finish before the final bell rings on July 13th.

If Boston drops four or five games and Brooklyn keeps on winning, it is even money that Ward will win the first championship. The other teams are out of it, although Chicago and Cincinnati are playing fine ball.

The second championship season opens July 15th, and those clubs that are now dragging along at the tail-end will have a chance to redeem themselves later in the season.

THE TWIRLER.

AMONG THE WHITE WINGS.



THE yachting season opened under the auspices of the Larchmont Club, on the sound, near the pretty suburban village which gives name to the association. An unfortunate misunderstanding as to the hour at which the sloops were to start almost wholly destroyed interest in the event. The latest Herreshoff production, the *Wasp*, was the center of curiosity, because she had been built to defeat the *Gloriana*, the most recent Boston craft. The entire

yachting fraternity was looking forward to this contest between the *Wasp* and *Clara*, in order to get a line upon the speed of the Herreshoff boat. Both vessels were present in readiness to start, but the sailing-masters of the *Clara* and *Oriva* forgot to read the sailing directions and made their start at the same time as the schooners, when they should have delayed their departure for thirty minutes. The officers of the *Wasp*, evidently at a loss to understand what the conduct of their companions meant, failed to start, even when the proper moment arrived, and the result was that the *Wasp*, like the *Clara* and *Oriva*, was ruled out. The beautiful cup went to the locker of the *Gulnare*, whose wily skipper sailed over the appointed course and won the trophy.

The schooner race developed a magnificent spectacle. The sound was quite rough with a heavy head sea on, and the schooners sailed with their lee-rail under, carrying every inch of canvas possible in the strong easterly breeze.

The *Shamrock* led the fleet throughout the day, and added her first victory as a schooner to her many triumphs as a sloop. Her veteran owner, Mr. I. Roger Maxwell, is to be congratulated on the fact that his experiment in changing rig negatives the old rule that "it is a good thing to let well enough alone." This beautiful boat was sailed with rare judgment and won a plucky race against boats of a larger class, with which she elected to come, although she was entitled to a walkover in her own. The big schooners *Fleur-de-Lys*, *Atlantic* and the old *Phantom* contributed to a splendid nautical picture, but, from a racing point of view, none of them were in it with the "converted sloop." The *Victor* had it all her own way in her class, and won easily against the *Peerless*. She also beat the *Phantom*, one of the starters in the big race. The course was about fifteen and a half miles and return. After seeing the leaders round the buoy off Eaton's Neck, the committee-boat steamed back to Larchmont, where she arrived in time for the finish.

THE NEW YORK CLUB REGATTA.

The Annual Regatta of the New York Yacht Club was sailed over the usual course on June 9th, from the Narrows, at Staten Island, to and around the lightship off Sandy Hook and return, a distance twenty miles. The sport was greatly marred by rain, fog and a light breeze during the early part of the race; but at the lightship the sky cleared and the breeze freshened. The steam flagship *Electra*, with Commodore Gerry on board, carried a party of guests, and the start was made shortly after half-past twelve. The competing yachts were schooners *Alert*, *Dauntless*, *Comanche*, *Fleur de Lys*, *Marguerite*, *Shamrock*, *Peerless* and *Viator*, and cutters *Wasp*, *Clara* and *Sunbeam*.

Outside Sandy Hook a squall, long threatening from the southwest, broke and tore things. The thunder was deafening, the wind of great strength and the rain a deluge. It was five minutes of two o'clock when a thunderbolt struck the water not a hundred yards astern of the flying *Electra*. It was startling and will not be forgotten for many a day. The *Marguerite* in the blow weathered the *Shamrock*, and they tacked around Sandy Hook Lightship in the following order: *Marguerite*, *Shamrock*, *Wasp*, *Comanche*, *Viator* and *Alert*. The others were so far astern that they were not timed. The large picture on page 13, made by our special artist, shows the leading cutter and schooner rounding the lightship.

After that the light sails were all spread, for the wind died out considerably. Spinnakers were set to port, and the leaders reached the southwest spit, returning as follows: *Marguerite*, at 3h. 33m.; *Shamrock*, at 3h. 37m. 20s., and *Wasp*, at 3h. 46m. The rain then came on again, everybody getting wetter and wetter. The wind shifted northeast. Jibing was in order, and all were close-hauled. Later the fickle breeze came in south-southeast again, and with strength, which sent the yachts with eased sheets tearing up the bay. And this in the rain, and with the thunder a-rolling and the lightning a-playing, was how they finished, with the elapsed time occupied in completing the run: *Alert*, 4h. 52m. 52s.; *Comanche*, 4h. 57m. 29s.; *Fleur de Lys*, 5h. 27m. 28s.; *Marguerite*, 4h. 5m. 32s.; *Shamrock*, 4h. 8m. 37s.; *Peerless*, 5h. 34m. 19s.; *Viator*, 4h. 57m. 57s.; *Wasp*, 4h. 7m. 20s., and *Clara*, 5h. 46m. 13s. The *Dauntless* and *Sunbeam* did not finish the race. This means that the *Alert*, *Comanche*, *Shamrock*, *Viator* and *Wasp* win. The *Shamrock* on corrected time, subjected to measurement. The performance of the *Wasp* was very creditable.

"THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST."

HERE'S A UNIQUE SOCIAL ODDITY, THE SOLUTION OF WHICH WILL BRING YOU TEN DOLLARS AND MUCH FAME AMONG OUR READERS.

THE little story that follows tells of a well-known character, whose personality will be recognized on sight were the proper name given. But the readers of ONCE A WEEK must guess who the "Mysterious Guest" really is. The story conceals a unique social oddity, a puzzle worthy of anyone's mite of time in attempting the interesting solution. It is a hard one, but once the key discovered, the story becomes as plain as daylight.

Who is "The Mysterious Guest?"

To stimulate interest, ONCE A WEEK offers a cash prize of ten dollars in gold to the first person who sends in the correct answer, this offer to hold good for two weeks from the date of this issue. Who, then, is "The Mysterious Guest?" But here is the story itself:

"The other night," so writes the stranger, "I was present at a grand home in Fifth avenue. There were many guests, and the swell of music's softest strains told of the gayeties of the dance. As for me, I took no part in the entertainment, the feasting, the dancing or the social intercourse. That everybody expected me there was no doubt, for at the proper time my name was called. But I dared not speak. The words that I was going to say stuck in my throat. Nor did the guests take this as an act of discourtesy. I went away with a heavy heart, for I had come prepared to say a few words. The festivities were continued until a late hour.

"The next night found me in another home. There was a smaller throng, but the cheer, the pleasant wishes were not less hearty. There was wine and cake. I was made welcome. Once again I was called on to speak, but once more did the words stick in my throat. I went away covered with disgrace. But no one cared.

"During the season that has just closed I have appeared in many homes, always an expected guest, and while others have enjoyed themselves, I am sorry to add that I cannot give the same testimony. In spite of all my experiences, in spite of all my resolutions, I have never yet been able to say a word when called on. My presence has added materially to the significance of the occasion. I am, it appears, ever welcome and always expected.

"Excessive modesty prevents me from adding my name. That I leave you to guess, for the present being only 'The Mysterious Guest.' Address answers to me in that name, care of Editor ONCE A WEEK."

LOVE AND LAW.

Two LOVERS, bright and full of glee

As ever Cupid made,

Came in a panting haste to me

To ask my legal aid.

"We come," they said, "as lovers come,

To a learned man of Law,

How happy should we be if you

Our settlements would draw."

Scarce three short months had rolled away

Of Hymen's sunny weather,

Ere back they came, one rainy day,

They came—but not together.

"You made us happy when you drew

Our settlements, of course,

You'd make us happier still, if you

Will draw up our Divorce."—T. I. E.



Oily Sallow Skin After using your Complexion Brush for six weeks I have surprised myself and my friends with a healthy complexion.

Wrinkles A lady sixty years old has succeeded in removing the wrinkles from her neck, and many other ladies have caused them to disappear from their faces by using our Complexion Brush regularly.

Development A handsome neck is one of the principal points of beauty in woman. A lady tells us of a friend who has developed a thin, spare neck to one of roundness and beauty by the regular use of our Complexion Brush.

For Bathing It will be found a luxury by both old and young. THE FLAT-ENDED TEETH by their compact arrangement remove the dead cuticle and increase the circulation wonderfully.

The above is what Ladies tell us Bailey's Rubber

COMPLEXION BRUSH

has done for them and it will do as much for you.

The brush is all one piece, and as soft as silk. Mailed upon receipt of price, 50 cents. For sale by all dealers in Toilet Goods Catalogue mailed Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.



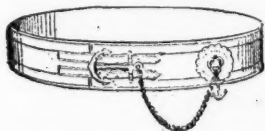
SILK COSTUMES.

SILK gowns, so long crowded to the background by those of cloth, are once more *de rigueur* for afternoon, visiting and promenade toilets. The most popular fabrics of the hour are those which show narrow stripes of colored silk on a black silk ground. The plain skirts without drapery afford so little opportunity for trimming that dressmakers are constantly cudgeling their brains to devise some new effect for the edge of the gown. The very latest idea is to gather frills of ribbon to match these silk stripes and lay one closely over another, the last being slipped up under the hem of the skirt. A black moiré striped with pale blue has frills of blue and black ribbon. A gray silk striped with mauve and white has frills of gray, mauve and white. The effect is exceedingly pretty. A very charming biscuit-colored silk for visiting wear has a full ruche of brown lisse about the edge of the skirt, and down the middle of the back a cascade of the lisse which falls in graceful, fan-like folds. Brown velvet ribbon outlines a corselet, and a pelerine of brown lisse completes this striking gown. A wonderfully smart reception gown is of gray corded silk with a wide band of canary satin



SLEEVELESS ETON JACKET.

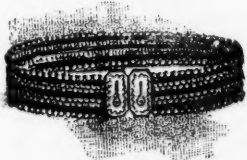
round its hem, which is richly embroidered in steel and edged with a band of dark-gray velvet. The bodice has deep zouaves of guipure in front and a corselet belt at the back of canary satin and gray velvet with steel embroideries and guipure. Deep points of the guipure fall loosely from the shoulder down below the elbows and over sleeves of the gray silk. A lovely gown of pink glacé silk is trimmed with wide black satin ribbons and black point de Venice lace. Another pretty silk frock is of shot brown and blue silk trimmed with jet. A charming silk shows small pale-green spots on a shot ground of pale-rose color and biscuit. Four or five tiny flounces edge the hem of the skirt, and the bodice is of pale-pink silk covered with guipure. This notion for the bodice, as apart from the material employed for the skirt, is a leading feature of all the newest and smartest French gowns.



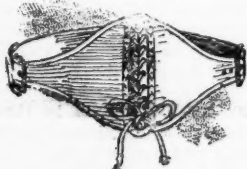
BELT FOR YACHTING OR BOATING GOWN.

THE CARE OF FINE LACES.

THE love of lace is a pretty idolatry and inherent in the woman of taste and refinement. Something about its cobwebby meshes appeals to her heart, and she handles her Mechlin and caresses her Venetian point with genuine affection. The connoisseur knows full well that fine lace should be washed as seldom as possible, but when it becomes necessary it is done by her own hands, or at least



WOVEN GOLD WIRE BELT.



TENNIS BELT OF CROCODILE-SKIN.

directly under her supervision. A hot soapsuds with rain-water and glycerine soap is prepared. The laces are rolled on a glass bottle under a band of linen, and are put in this suds to remain twelve hours. The suds is renewed three times; the bottle is plunged into soft, clear water and immediately taken out. Each point of the lace is pinned down under fine muslin and ironed on the wrong side. When finished, each flower is raised by means of a tiny stick of wood, or, better still, of ivory. To bleach

laces, expose them to the sunlight in soapsuds. The points are then dried on a cloth to which they are pinned. Then rub carefully with a sponge dipped in the suds of glycerine soap. Rinse them in alum water to remove the soap. Lace that is not badly soiled may be cleaned with bread-crumbs. Valenciennes should be folded, sewed in bag of linen and soaked in olive oil for several hours. Afterward boil the bag for fifteen minutes in a hot suds made from any pure



THE LATEST BONNET.

hour in soapy bluing-water. This operation should be repeated twice, though the third time there should be no bluing in the water, and the lace should not be rinsed, but put in gum-water in which a little brandy and alum is dissolved. Then it should be lightly powdered with sulphur flour and ironed while damp. Quite apropos of lace, it may be stated that lace luncheons or teas are now a fad. Ladies who have an extensive collection of valuable laces invite their friends to inspect their treasures. In one corner of the invitation card is engraved the word "lace," and if the guests have any choice laces hidden away in silver paper they are liable to bring them forth and wear them to this womanly corner of Vanity Fair.

NEW BONNETS AND HATS.

BONNETS grow tinier and hats more enormous. The bonnet shown in the illustration is quite the latest design and may be braved only by young and pretty faces. It is very smartly made of tan suede and is edged with fine jet and gold embroidery. It comes down in a tiny point above the fringe of hair, and on the edge of the crown, as if just alighted from a trip through ether, is a saucy butterfly of black lace and gold, wired, to give it a fly-away look. Ties of narrow black velvet ribbon hold this trifle in place.

Look at Mrs. Langtry's hat which she wears in "the fringe of society." It is of black lace, trimmed with a side wreath of soft, pale-pink roses. That sounds quite sedate, but when you view the audacious front brim, standing up like a fan, and the black ostrich plume rampant behind it, all idea of sedateness vanishes.

The latest sailor is a smart little affair in two colors, trimmed with wide bows of soft silk and a band of gold galon round the crown, which is of slightly tarpaulin shape.

Garden hats are nearly as large as Mistress Nell Gwynne's famous cartwheel hat. A novel hat for a fête or garden-party is of fine white Leghorn, the wide-spreading brim faced with wisteria-hued velvet, and its sole trimming being ties and a huge bow of velvet ribbon of the same delicate shade.



THE LATEST SAILOR HAT.

THE SLEEVELESS ETON JACKET.

THE Eton jacket is the feature, par excellence, of the Summer gowns. It is made in cloth, velvet or lace. The difficulty of drawing the tolerably tight Eton sleeve over the high, full sleeve of a blouse has been met by the introduction of the sleeveless Eton jacket. This novel and stylish jacket makes a pretty finish for the silk or cotton blouse, and gives a touch of color or a contrast of tone which is very desirable. The jacket in the illustration is of dark-green velvet and is worn over a white silk blouse with embroidered front in pale-green tints. The jacket can be easily made by the home dressmaker. Beware of the point in the back, as it is very unbecoming to most figures. It is better to finish the jacket with short coat-tails or habit back.

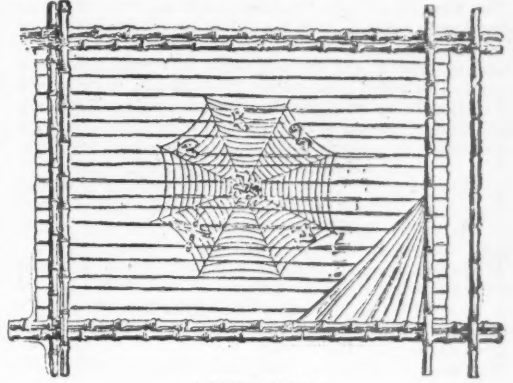
TENNIS AND YACHTING BELTS.

A PRETTY tennis belt is of crocodile-skin, lace in front and with smart copper buckles on each side. Another is of woven gold wire, and its clasps are ornamented with small, golden rackets. A smart belt for a yachting or boating gown is of tan suede with chains and anchors of silver for fastenings.

A NOVEL SCREEN.

You wish to cover the empty fireplace for the Summer? Here is a simple screen, which can be quite easily made by the home carpenter. Embroider a spider's web in peach

silks upon a pale-green ground, tack the silk to the bamboo or wooden frame with small, brass tacks. In one



A NOVEL SCREEN.

corner flute the silk to make it look like a tiny, drawn curtain.

A PRETTY BODICE FOR COTTON GOWNS.

FOR cotton gowns, bodices in yoke style are exceedingly pretty, and easily made by the home dressmaker. They are usually mounted on a shaped lining. The one shown is of pale-blue cambric, with a folded sash of the same about the waist, and a deep, square yoke of embroidery, which is repeated at the back. There are deep cuffs and straight collar of the embroidery, and bows of pale-blue velvet ribbon finish the shoulders. Cut the lower part of this bodice in three parts only, as it is kept quite loose and full, and merely tied in by the folded sash.



THE BAT BROOCH.

FASHIONABLE FANCIES.

MOONSTONES are said to bring one good luck, and the bat, that noisome thing of night, is regarded by the superstitious woman as an omen of great good fortune. Some enterprising jeweler has designed a new brooch, combining these twin influences of good, and the lizard, the spider, the beetle and all the other creeping and crawling things, which my lady has pleased to smuggle among her laces, will now retire and make room for the bat.

An appropriate bangle for a bridal gift is a thin ring of gold ornamented with a key, lock and heart of Oriental pearls and pink topaz. The idea expressed by these jeweled symbols is that "Love laughs at locksmiths."

Dainty cotillon favors are pretty bannerets of satin, on which the date of the ball is printed in gold; large brilliant butterflies made of feathers and breast knots of a half-dozen different hues of ribbon.

Aigrettes of feathers are worn again in the hair, and large straw hats show aigrettes of antennae or insect horns rising from bows of ribbon.

Many of the newest foulards show a Paisley shawl pattern in delicate colors on a shot foundation.

For making full sleeves there comes a curiously beautiful fabric with a minute embroidery of crystal beads and black chenille on a foundation of pure yellow.

A wonderfully smart triple cape is made of a pale shade of tan with a woven border of old-rose and a collar of old-rose velvet.

A new feature in trimming is to turn lace upside down; that is, to gather the lace on the edge, leaving the straight selvage turned up.



A BODICE FOR COTTON GOWNS.

Rainbow effects in millinery are much sought after. Ribbons in which mauve, lemon and ivory have an equal share are startling, but new.

A DAY AT "DARLINGTON."

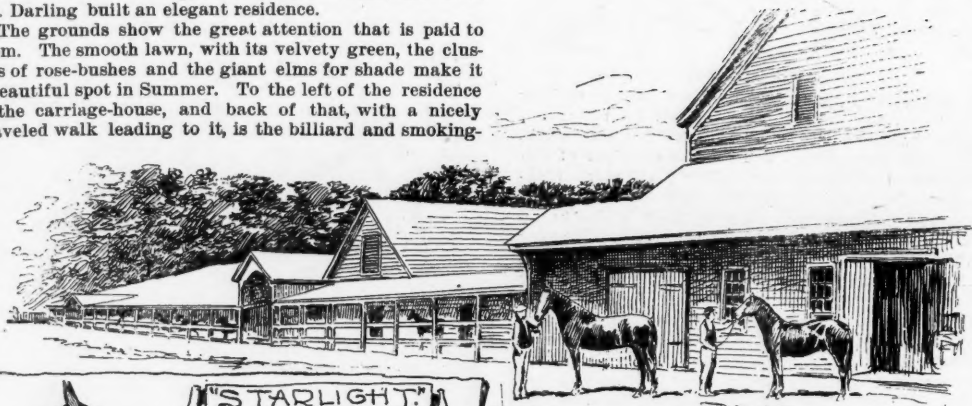
MR. ALFRED B. DARLING, one of the proprietors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, has long been known as an enthusiastic lover of that product of the skill of the American breeder, the trotting horse, and years ago drove Old Daisy, a noted gray mare from Maine, up Harlem Lane. Old Daisy was the direct cause of Mr. Darling's going into the raising of light harness horses, and although her breeding is entirely unknown, there must have been very good blood somewhere, for Old Daisy gave Mr. Darling Daisy Strideaway, with a public trial in 2:23 1-4; Joseph C, better than 2:30; Young Daisy, dam of Gray-light, 2:16 1-2; Duke of Wellington, 2:20, and Annie Hough, dam of Great Easton, 2:23 1-4.

When Mr. Darling saw the style and speed that was coming from Old Daisy, he determined to buy a farm and fit it up after his own ideas on developing the trotter. He chose a place in the lower part of the beautiful Ramapo Valley, calling it "Darlington."

This stock farm is beautifully situated, sheltered by the

surrounding hills, with rolling land, giving the best of sweet grasses for the young stock. The old farmhouse was down in the valley, back from the road, and there Mr. Darling built an elegant residence.

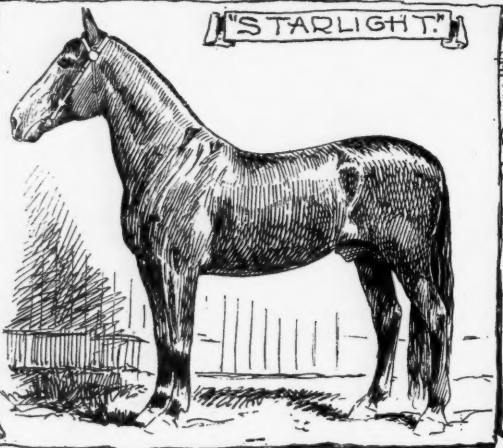
The grounds show the great attention that is paid to them. The smooth lawn, with its velvety green, the clusters of rose-bushes and the giant elms for shade make it a beautiful spot in Summer. To the left of the residence is the carriage-house, and back of that, with a nicely graveled walk leading to it, is the billiard and smoking-



A FAMOUS JERSEY BULL



"STARLIGHT"



THE TRAINING STABLE



KING DARLINGTON

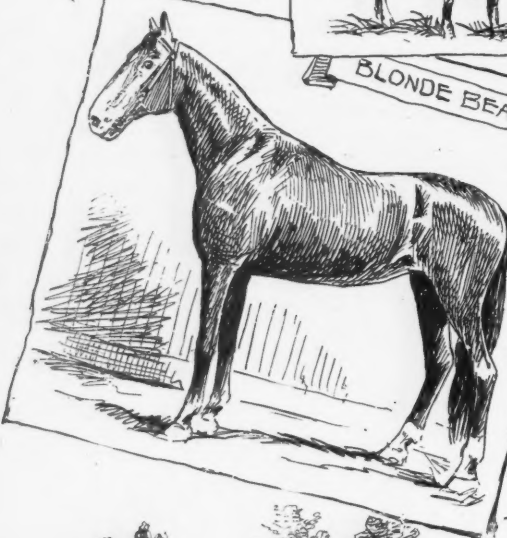


A. B. DARLING

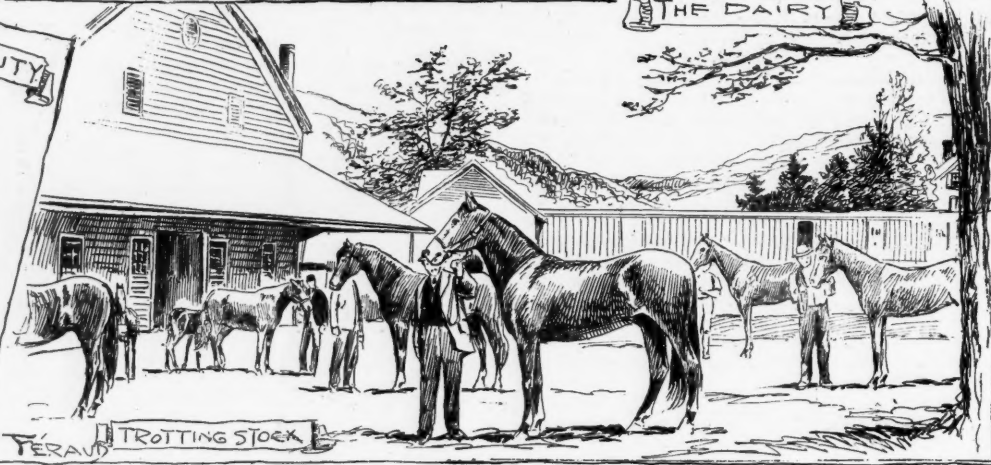
SOME OF THE HERD



THE DAIRY

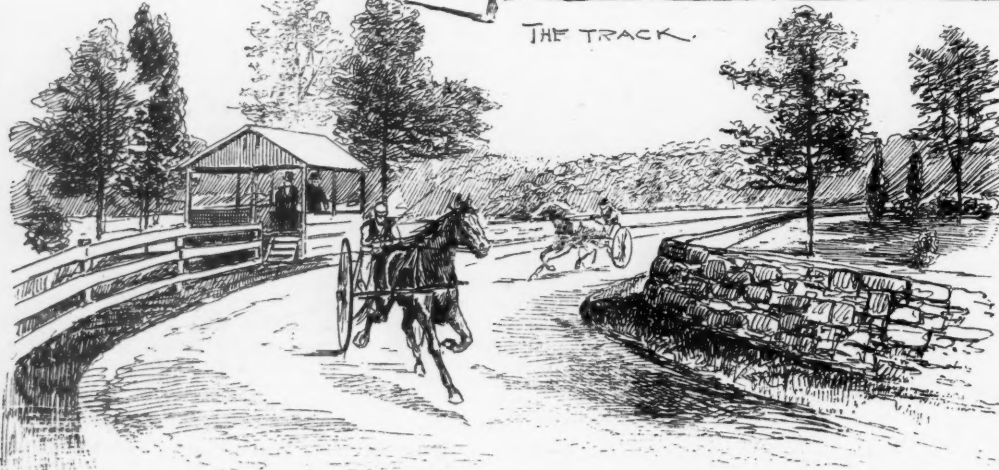


BLONDE BEAUTY



TROTTER STOCK

THE TRACK

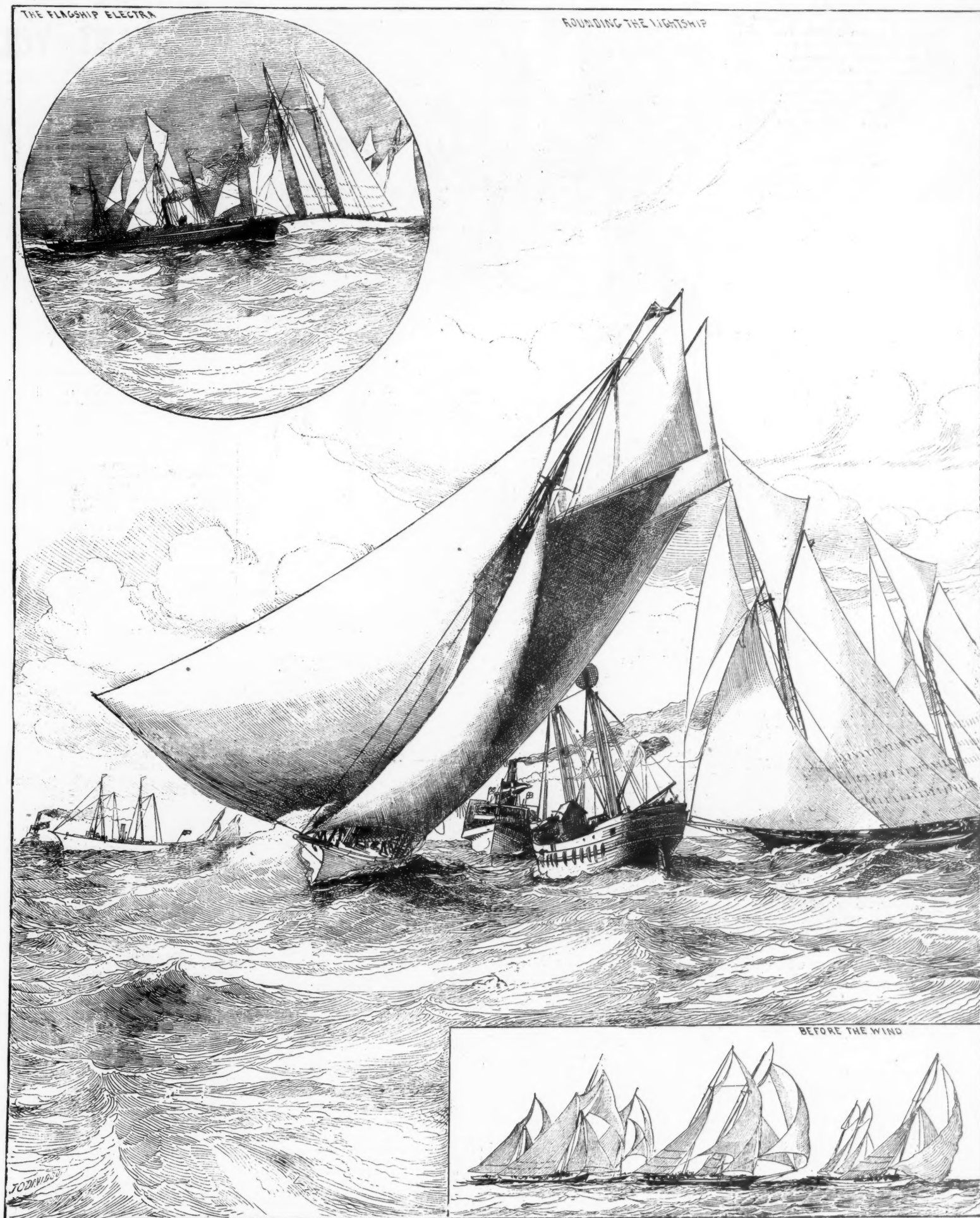


rooms, where Mr. Darling delights to entertain his friends.

Then come the barns for the Jersey cattle; and here again has the name of Darlington become famous as producing splendid stock. The American Jersey Cattle Club, at the annual sales, offer a silver goblet known as the "Breeder's Cup" to the man whose cattle bring the highest average price. Naturally, the cattle to bring big prices must be very good, and Darlington has twice had the honor of receiving the cup. Some of the cows that have been sheltered in these barns have had national reputations. What a sensation was created when Bomba made eighty-nine pounds and fourteen ounces of butter in thirty-one days, in 1882! The yield was so great that an unofficial test for one week, at Mr. Darling's request, was made by the American Jersey Cattle Club, with the result of twenty one pounds eleven and a half ounces.

Then Eurotas! speak of that grand old cow to any Jersey breeder and hear him praise her. You would imagine that a crown of gold would have been none too good for her. Eurotas, from November, 1879, to the end of October, 1880, just one year, gave seven hundred and seventy-eight pounds and one ounce of butter. She was not fed in ex-

THE "DARLINGTON" STOCK FARM, IN NEW JERSEY.



ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

[THE LEADING CUTTER AND SCHOONER ROUNDING THE LIGHTSHIP, JUNE 9.]

cess of the quantity usually given to ordinary dairy cows, and Mr. Darling now believes that if the feed had been increased that the yield of butter would have been greater by forty pounds. She was in the very best of health during the test and was among the first cows to make a year's test. The reader not familiar with butter yields can see where Eurotas excelled when the reports for New York State show the average yield per cow to be less than one hundred pounds.

There are a few over one hundred head of registered Jerseys now at Darlington, and there is a daily yield of sixty pounds of butter. The deep pan in cool water is used, and the dairy is a simple stone structure with one of

the most beautiful of refrigerating-rooms. There is stored over one thousand tons of ice over this room, and with its white marble slabs ornamented with the golden-yellow pats of butter, it presented a pretty, inviting picture. A barrel-churn is used for the cream. It is stopped at once on the granular butter coming, and after being thoroughly rinsed with salt water, is hand-worked and put in prints.

Most of the one thousand acres embraced in "Darlington" are under grass for hay or pasture.

The training and breeding barns are upon a hill above the residence, very near a mile track. Superintendent Carpenter brought out Starlight, by Kentucky Prince out

of Queen by Sebastopol, and stood him in the sunlight with his silky coat. He was a picture. That his speedy qualities are transmissible is shown by some of his progeny, as Graylight, 2:16 1-2; Starletta, 2:21 1-4; Morelight, 2:28, and Delight, 2:28 1-2.

The next one was King Darlington, by King Wilkes (2:22 1-4) out of Marguerite, who trotted fractions of a mile at the rate of 2:12 on the home track. King Darlington is 15.2 hands. Lavalard, a bright bay that took a prize at the last horse show, is by Director (sire of Direct, 2:06 1-4, Margaret S., 2:12 1-2, and many others in the list) out of Sweetness (2:21 1-4), dam of the great Sidney, whose yearling, Frou-Frou, has the record. It was a charming visit.

ROMANCE OF A MAD-HOUSE.

BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED).

HAD been watching the face of the sick man for most of the time, but a little exclamation made me look at Mrs. Towlinson. I had never seen her look more beautiful in her life, but it was a wild, terrible kind of beauty; her eyes seemed twice their ordinary size and glowed like fire; her cheeks were suffused with a vivid flush; her expression one that I cannot describe, except to say that it was one of painful listening. She looked, not at the clergyman, but leant nearer and nearer to Mr. Grey when the reading was over, she looked away from him.

"It is a lie!" she said, steadily. "Tear it up; it is a lie!"

"It is the truth," Mr. Croft said; "as I am a dying man, going in a few moments to meet my Maker, it is the truth. Julia, Julia, think of her—think of that beautiful girl! It is the truth!"

"It is a lie!" she said again, taking no notice of the pleading in his tone, which said as plainly as words could say: "Let me save her!"

His expression changed now; he leant upon his elbow.

"I say it is the truth; I swear it is the truth!" he said. "Prove that it is a lie, if you can. Give me a pen and let me sign it."

"Gentlemen," Mrs. Towlinson said, turning to the astonished doctor and clergyman, "trouble has turned his brain. I assure you, upon my honor, that that which he has written is not the truth. I know it to be false; he is simply trying to save someone whom he loves by blackening his own character."

"Julia, Julia!" he said, reproachfully; then held out his hand. "I have a right to sign it," he said, with a little smile. "Let friendship defend me, if it likes, when I am gone, Julia; but I have a right to sign that paper now, and you, gentlemen, will witness it for me."

The clergyman looked at the doctor, and the latter spoke:

"I think Mr. Croft should be allowed to sign the paper," he said; "it is a very serious matter, and I do not think it would be right for any of us to prevent him doing so. But I think, Mr. Croft, it is only my duty to tell you, once again, that, in my opinion, you are not a dying man, that you may have many more years to live."

"And I know that in an hour from now I shall be dead; give me the paper."

I have seen many strange scenes in my life, but I have never seen a stranger than this which was enacted in that luxurious room of music. The sick man, who certainly believed himself to be dying, pen in hand, propped up by the doctor, who pitied him and yet shrank from him; the horrified look upon the face of the clergyman; the bewildered look upon that of the women; the enraptured look upon that of the invalid, who seemed saner now than ever I had known him. I knew that he was lying—I knew that if he died, I must explain to these two strangers how the murder had really been committed, and that the confession must be destroyed; but I had not the heart to try to prevent him signing it. The lamplight fell upon his face as his trembling fingers traced the letters of his name. When



FOLLANSBEE (writing home from Liverpool)—"On the twenty-eighth, dear mother, I was standing near the bow-rail, when an enormous combing wave broke over the stern, and had it not been for the dispensation of Providence, your son would have been washed into the ocean."

he had finished he raised the paper to his lips and kissed it.

"The key to her sepulchre," he said; "the key to open my darling's sepulchre. Mr. Dickenson, God bless you!"

I knew that he said "God bless you" because, innocently enough, when I suspected him of having committed the crime, I had suggested that he should take the burden of it upon himself, but I had been on the wrong scent all the time. And was it not natural? How could I suspect the girl I loved?

"Sign!" the sick man said, "sign!" and after a moment's hesitation the clergyman and doctor signed. A look of utter content crossed his face; his hand was drawn from under the pillow, and I fancied, though I could not be sure, that he held a small bottle in it, and in another moment another fear flashed into my mind.

Was he so sure that his life was ebbing away because he was going to end it—because he was going to take poison? I moved from the bottom of the bed to his side. If I could prevent it, he should not do that.

"What would you like done now?" I asked, though I knew very well that he wished to die with the sound of the one voice which was dear to him ringing in his ear.

"I want to hear the most beautiful voice in the world," he said. "I want to die listening to it, Julia, you know how—fix the phonograph!"

She opened the box and took out the machine, which looked to me very much like a sewing machine; she connected the batteries; then, visibly trembling, pale and haggard as she had been beautiful and blooming but a little while ago, she paused.

"What song will you have, Steve?" she said, looking in the box where the wax records were kept. "There are six here, five of your favorites, and his, and one unnamed."

"I will have that," he said; "it is the last she sang. I took it off the machine myself on the morning after that terrible night."

She took the wax in her hand and slipped it on to the machine. I had never heard the voice of the woman I loved in song. I had never seen the phonograph before. The whole thing seemed uncanny to me. What would the voice be like? What would it sing? Should I in song recognize it as Miss Moore's?

"Are you ready?" Mrs. Towlinson asked.

"Yes, yes," he said, a look of joyful expectation upon his face. "Gentlemen, you will hear the most beautiful voice in the world—the voice of the woman whom for years I shut up in worse than a sepulchre."

He lay back amongst his pillows and closed his eyes. I glanced at Mrs. Towlinson for an instant, then kept my eyes fixed upon the sick man, waiting for that hand, which held I knew not what, to be raised.

I heard the machine started, and I listened for the first soft or thrilling note. Then, through the perfect stillness of the room, not beautiful music, but these terrible words, coming as it were from the dead, rang clearly:

"Julia Towlinson murdered me! With my dying breath I swear that Julia Towlinson killed me!"

Then came silence; then a groan, loud and horrible; silence—another groan—the sound of a fall; then silence, terrible and enduring!

I looked at Mrs. Towlinson. She stood like one paralyzed, turned to stone! I looked at Mr. Croft; he had risen in his bed, and was pointing at her with a shaking hand.

"It is his voice!" he said. "The dead has spoken! It is true!"

She looked at me; she looked at him, at the strangers present; she raised her hands despairingly.

"The dead has spoken!" she answered. "It is true!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MYSTERY CLEARED.

I HAVE obeyed my wife. The story—the painful story—is told. Long since, my darling's name was cleared from all stain.

But I am not to be allowed to drop my pen yet. My tyrant says that all is not clear; let me make it so.

Upon that terrible night, when the truth came to light at last, Mrs. Towlinson left the room while we were all full of wonderment and horror, and none of us attempted

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to stop her. I stayed with Mr. Croft a little while, and he confessed to me that he had a small bottle of poison which he had intended taking so soon as the song should have been over; but when I told him where Miss Moore was, and that he should see her very soon, new joy and life seemed to come back to him, and he tore the confession into a hundred pieces.

"Poor Julia!" he said, and from that day to this he has never mentioned her name.

As quick as cab and train would take me I then rushed off to Hampstead and told the news there—told my great love the same night to a willing listener; kissed a pair of lips which were to me the most lovely lips in the world, and received in return—

My wife has crossed out two lines of my manuscript; but for all that, you can guess what.

The morning after the strange revelation of the phonograph, the parcel which had been intrusted to my care came back to me. I opened it and found the knife and the two packets; also a note, in handwriting which I could scarcely recognize as Mrs. Towlinson's:

"Under compulsion, at the eleventh hour I do my duty," the note ran. "Read the inclosed."

I opened the packets. One was the lost will of the late Mr. Grey, in which he gave the bulk of his property to Miss Moore, and the missing page of the diary, which ran as follows:

"Mr. Grey has asked me to be his wife; I cannot do it. To me it would be a sin. I do not love him, and yet if I say No, shall I not have to leave this, my happy home, and be again at the mercy of the cruel world? If only I could think it right, but I cannot; and he is so kind, and seems to love me so dearly—oh, the pity of it!"

The other was the confession of Mrs. Towlinson. It had evidently been written some time, and had been meant in any case to be opened at her death. It gave no motive for the crime, but it was easy enough to read between the lines and see that what prompted her to do so terrible a deed was greed of gold and jealousy. She confessed that she had drugged the tea which she had given Miss Moore on the night of the murder; that she had put blood on the dressing-gown and placed her ring in Mr. Grey's room. She confessed, also, that in the first place her wish had been to see Miss Moore hanged for the crime, but that afterward she had shrunk from that. The story of Miss Moore's having committed the crime while walking in her sleep was, of course, a story invented on the spur of the moment, when she found that though I had discovered the knife, I had not opened the packet. She had thought Mr. Grey quite dead when she had left him stabbed in his bed.

Some have wondered how the phonograph (Continued on page 15.)

A plaster. "Yes, but which?"

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ROMANCE OF A MAD-HOUSE.

(Continued from page 14.)

came to give its evidence, how it was that when it was set going my sweetheart's lovely voice did not come out. She has explained that, upon the afternoon preceding the night of the murder, she put a fresh wax upon the machine, intending to make a new record; then, her head being bad, she did not sing into the machine, so the wax was all ready to receive Mr. Grey's dying words. Whether at first he had started the machine, meaning to die with the sound of my wife's voice in his ears, and then had found that there was no record there, or whether he had discovered earlier in the evening that it was an empty wax, I cannot tell; anyway, dying as he was, he had found sufficient strength to give the name of his murderer.

Of course, to a certain extent, my darling was tried again. The phonograph gave its evidence in Court. The doctor and clergyman who had heard Mrs. Towlinson confess to the crime gave evidence also, and the sinful woman's own confession quite cleared Hilda's name.

My wife reminds me that I have not explained why Mrs. Towlinson was not put upon her trial. You will remember before I started this narrative that I confessed I was no writer of stories, and forgive me. I gave Mrs. Towlinson twenty-four hours to clear out of England, if she would: I even went so far as to intrust the intelligent bootblack-boy with a message to her: then I took her confession to Scotland Yard.

Scotland Yard, perhaps, pitied her; anyhow it gave her a few more hours' grace before its wheels began to work, and by that time the first editions of the evening papers were out, and the boys were yelling:

"Suicide of a lady in Russell Square! All the 'horrible details!'"

I did not need to buy a paper to know who the lady was, but I bought the paper to see the manner of her death—she had taken poison!

Clifford's Inn is my home no longer. The stones of Falcon Court no more grow thin with the constant hurrying to and fro of my feet. I am a partner in the office of Messrs. Newbond & Drafter. I am as a son to Mr. Newbond, and my wife is as his daughter: we live in his home and in his heart—his dear, kind heart—that will not believe, though that knowledge has cleared my wife's name, that Mrs. Towlinson committed the murder.

"That beautiful woman do such a thing, Lal, my boy?" he says. "Don't say it—don't believe it for a moment! I would as soon believe I could do such a thing myself."

"Why did she confess to it, then?"

"Hysterics, my dear boy—all women are more or less hysterical; and as for taking poison, that was a mistake. Charity, Lal, charity; cultivate it, my dear boy."

Miss Loftis is often with us. Sometimes I think, though so late in life, that she and Mr. Newbond will make a match of it, and two kind hearts could not come together. Stone and his Dorothy stay with us now and then. Jack Frost is a frequent visitor. Mr. Croft is still my wife's adoring lover. My old clerk has a seat in our office, and his friend "who is not quite a gentleman" serves many a writ for us. At that work I do not know his equal.

And that is all. My wife, my darling, sits beside me, a happy, loving smile upon her lips, though the shadow of the shadow is still in her lovely eyes. Someday, perhaps, when her life grows too full of joys to remember even years of pain, the shadows may leave them forever; God grant it!

The story is told. I turned to my sweet for my reward.

My wife has kissed me.
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